

THE

# SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 530, Vol. 20.

December 23, 1865.

Price 6d.  
Stamped 7d.

## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE PRESIDENT'S Message possesses a merit which its author probably has never thought of claiming, in the literary ability displayed in its style and composition. The topics are well arranged, the arguments are forcibly urged, the language is simple and perspicuous, and the document is comparatively short. The case in favour of the legal perpetuity of the Union has never been more forcibly stated. The authors of the Constitution undoubtedly wished that their creation should last for ever, and, according to Mr. JOHNSON'S quotation, "The Union shall be perpetual" are the words of "the Confederation." No political organization ever provided for the future dissolution of its elements, but it is nevertheless true that the inherent right of revolt or secession has, from the days of the first rebellion, formed a commonplace of every American text-book, and that it was publicly affirmed by Mr. LINCOLN on the eve of his election. Almost all American politicians thought either that secession might be justifiable, or at least that coercion was impracticable. The Abolitionists of New England declared, in exaggerated rhetoric, that adhesion to the Union was a league with Death and a covenant with Hell; and Mr. JOHNSON himself, in his place in the Senate, denounced the policy of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, on the ground that the means of constitutional redress for the grievances of the South had not yet been exhausted. The PRESIDENT explains, with remarkable vigour and clearness, the reciprocal advantages which the States and the Federal Government derive from their mutual relations. "The idea of limitation," he says, "spreads through every form of administration—general, State, and municipal. . . . The State Government is limited, as to the general Government, in the interest of union, as to the individual citizen in the interest of freedom." Americans in general would probably accept the PRESIDENT'S interpretation of the Constitution; and force, which is stronger than logic, has finally disproved the alleged right of secession. There can also be little doubt of the expediency of that amendment of the Constitution which has already been sanctioned by Congress and by a majority of State Legislatures. It is desirable that slavery should be irrevocably and formally abolished, and "it is not too much to ask of the States which are now resuming their places in the family of the Union, to give this pledge of perpetual loyalty and peace." The PRESIDENT is evidently opposed to the policy of Mr. SUMNER and Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, who propose, either for purposes of punishment or in the supposed interest of the negro, to prolong for an indefinite time the military occupation of the conquered States. Mr. JOHNSON more wisely desires to facilitate the return of the South to the Union, but he still clings to his belief that his own arguments against secession need the confirmation of a judicial sentence. He therefore urges Congress to provide for a Session of the Circuit Court of the United States in the district of Virginia where alone Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS committed the overt acts which might be proved on his trial for treason. Chief Justice CHASE has, for some unknown reason—perhaps from a distrust of Virginian juries—refused to hold a Circuit Court in any of the Confederate States. Mr. JOHNSON, on the other hand, perceives that the sentence of a Court-Martial, even if such a Court could be lawfully assembled, would decide no constitutional question. He desires that the Supreme Court should affirm "the truth that treason is a crime, that traitors should be punished, and the offence made infamous." No Supreme Court is needed to affirm the truism that treason is a crime; and the question whether so-called traitors shall be punished ultimately rests with the Executive. Mankind will never regard as infamous an offence which has been vindicated in half a dozen campaigns, in a score of pitched battles, by glorious victories, by sanguinary defeats, and with the exhibition, by a unanimous population, of the highest civil and military virtues. Mr. JOHNSON anticipates the

judgment of the Court by asserting that "treason, most flagrant in character, has been committed"; and even if the doubtful point is ruled in his favour, it will be evident that Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS was only legally guilty of treason in the same sense in which the offence was committed by several millions of his countrymen, and especially by the officers of the army, including General LEE. It would be undesirable, if it were possible, to stigmatize as infamous the conduct of the States which Mr. JOHNSON sincerely desires to restore to the Union. The punishment of Mr. DAVIS would be resented by the entire South as a deeper wrong than the bombardment of Charleston, or the devastation of South and North Carolina by SHERMAN. The determination to bring the Confederate PRESIDENT to trial is perhaps explained by the characteristic faith in law which belongs to American politicians; but if the Supreme Court were to try a private in the Confederate army for levying war against the United States, the issue whether the ordinances of secession were legal would be not less conveniently raised.

It was already known that the PRESIDENT proposed to refer to the several States the question of negro suffrage. There is perhaps little weight in the argument that Federal dictation would be unconstitutional, for the process of reconstruction following upon conquest is altogether revolutionary and abnormal. The real objection to the demand of a negro franchise as a condition of reunion is that a return to Federal allegiance ought to be facilitated by every possible method, and that Southern citizens would perhaps rather allow their own votes to be suppressed or suspended than admit their slaves, under compulsion, to equal power in legislation and government. Mr. JOHNSON speaks with the authority of experience when he warns a Northern Congress that the worst enemy of the liberated slave will perhaps not be his former master. "When the tumult of emotions which have been raised by the suddenness of the social change shall have subsided, it may prove that they will receive the kindest usage from some of those on whom they have heretofore most closely depended." The PRESIDENT, however, considers it the duty of the Federal Government and Legislature "to secure the freedmen in their liberty and property, in their right to labour, and their right to claim the just return of their labour." As he truly says, it is alike the interest of the employer and the employed to provide for the freedman certain payment of his stipulated wages. The PRESIDENT wishes that the States should undertake for themselves the necessary legislation, and at the same time he intimates that the provisional condition of their relations will not be terminated until they have satisfied the Government of their sincerity. In all that relates to the negro, Mr. JOHNSON wisely dissuades eager philanthropists from attempting to forecast and regulate the future. It is right to open to the freedmen a career of free industry, and to know that, if the experiment fails, the disappointment will not have been caused by a want of justice. The future will take care of the future, and "many incidents which, from a speculative point of view, might raise alarm, will quietly settle themselves."

The PRESIDENT'S reference to the relations of his Government to England scarcely admits of criticism, for, although his language is coldly courteous and incidentally unjust, he could not have said less or more without either embittering a dying quarrel or disavowing his own Secretary of State. Mr. JOHNSON is mistaken in supposing that the English Government has ever maintained that the municipal law of any country is the measure of its duties as a neutral. In the late correspondence, Lord RUSSELL clearly proved that the adoption by England of the American law quoted by Mr. ADAMS would have supplied no remedy for the alleged grievances of the United States; nor has any other definite amendment of the Foreign Enlistment Act been discussed or proposed. When Lord RUSSELL explained his reasons for

declining arbitration, Mr. SEWARD replied that the offer had never been made. By an odd oversight, the PRESIDENT corrects the Secretary's denial by stating that his "sincere desire of peace had led him to approve the proposal already made to submit the questions which had thus arisen between the countries to arbitration." The contradiction is of course capable of the explanation that Mr. SEWARD spoke of a formal offer, and Mr. JOHNSON of an implied proposal; but Lord RUSSELL has some reason to complain that he was sharply called to account for anticipating the very words of the PRESIDENT's Message. Mr. JOHNSON may be acquitted of vulgar condescension to the popular feeling which English admirers of America strive in vain to overlook or to justify. The journal which represents the Republican party and the Foreign Office explains away the civilities which were lately offered to Sir MORTON PETO and Mr. KINNAIRD by the announcement that, although Englishmen may sometimes be liked in their individual capacity, "collectively they are detested." An English writer who reciprocated so coarse an expression of spite would make himself ridiculous and odious; but there is no reason to suppose that the statement is in any degree inaccurate or exaggerated. In substance, the country will fully approve the PRESIDENT's determination to abstain from unnecessary collisions with England or with France. The reservation of a right to defend Republican institutions on the American Continent is at the same time dignified and prudent.

The peroration of the Message rises into eloquence as the PRESIDENT expatiates on the greatness and prosperity of the Republic. As VIRGIL boasts of the natural pre-eminence of Italy, Mr. JOHNSON dwells with rhetorical amplification on the political and economic greatness of the United States. "Here is the great land of free labour. . . . Here every one enjoys the free use of his faculties. . . . Here, under the combined influence of a fruitful soil, genial climes, and happy institutions, population has increased fifteenfold within a century. . . . Here there is universal education. Here there is religion unfettered by State control; and, finally, here exists a democratic form of government." Let neither England nor Europe—*laudibus Italia certent*.

*Hinc bellator equus campo sese arduus infert,  
Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges.*

The climate of Italy also was genial—

*Hic ver assiduum atque alienis mensibus setas.*

And the flocks, if not the human population, increased with marvellous rapidity—

*Bis gravide pecudes, bis pomis utilis arbor.*

The PRESIDENT's patriotic bead-roll of natural blessings naturally rises to the climax of a perfect democracy. Perhaps an economist might rather have found the key and solution of American prosperity in the well-founded statement that "through the easy development of boundless resources wealth has increased with twofold greater rapidity than numbers." When population multiplies itself in a century by fifteen, and wealth by thirty, democratic institutions are perhaps unavoidable, and they have little to do with material progress except in leaving it alone.

#### THE EMPEROR AT PESTH.

THE uses and advantages of monarchy are sometimes made especially conspicuous even in these days of a democracy which, philosophers say, is advancing with noiseless but inevitable tread. What the Emperor of AUSTRIA has done at Pesth could not have been done except by personal influence. It is only a visible man, able to be seen and to see, to speak and to be spoken to, to dine and to drive, that can surmount the feelings of social alienation that have taken possession of a nation or a people. And if it needs a person to do this, that person will fulfil his task with infinitely greater ease and success if he is a King or an Emperor. No Hungarian need be ashamed of putting his pride in his pocket when he has to address in a pleasant and familiar manner the Head of the HAPSBURGS. So long as it was an obligatory act of patriotism towards a fallen and oppressed country to shun the EMPEROR who had wrought, and who perpetuated, the mischief, a Hungarian who respected himself would have been ashamed to let the personal affability of a monarch overcome the dislike and indignation towards Austria which he shared with the vast majority of his countrymen. But now things are changed. The EMPEROR, and the Hungarians too, have learnt wisdom from adversity. The EMPEROR has to own that he can no longer carry on a false system. The Hungarians do not mind the world knowing that they are very glad this false system is

coming to an end, and that, though they would have made further sacrifices in defence of their political rights, they congratulate themselves on thinking that the time for sacrifices may be over. When two parties to a quarrel long to be reconciled, it may seem almost impossible that the reconciliation should not take place. But experience teaches us that they may be on the very verge of amity, and yet that their enmity may continue merely because neither of them can or will take the first difficult step towards friendship. In such a position an EMPEROR has a great advantage. He does not lose dignity if he stoops to conquer, and when he makes the necessary advances, none of his subjects need be afraid that he will suffer socially, if he does not suffer politically, by responding to them. There is an immense difference, which every one would practically feel, between welcoming at Pesth the EMPEROR himself and welcoming the noblest, richest, cleverest, most popular deputy he could have selected from all his Empire. The EMPEROR knows this, and most properly takes advantage of it. He understands thoroughly the business of royalty. He knows what to say, and how to say it. He has made himself agreeable at Pesth, complimented the local authorities, and been generous and courteous to the great men, both territorial and political, of Hungary; and when he wanted, on an occasion of especial importance, to produce a popular impression, and attach his new friends as closely to him as possible, the golden hope he offered, the great boon he announced himself as ready to give, was simply a promise that in a short time he would come back, and bring the EMPRESS with him. That was all, and yet nothing that he did or said was productive of so much genuine enthusiasm. It must be owned that the advantages of royalty could scarcely be put in a stronger light. To a group of political adversaries, to a set of men whose hearts are impressed with the memories of endless slights, wrongs, annoyances, and grievances, inflicted by his soldiers and his officials, he merely said that in a short time they should have a look at his wife, and they were charmed. Perhaps, if the EMPRESS of AUSTRIA were not an extremely pretty, gentle, affectionate woman, the Hungarians might not have been quite so much enraptured. But then it is part of the profession of royalty to marry such a person. The Prince of WALES has married a very pretty woman. The Emperor of the FRENCH has married one of the handsomest women in Europe. The Prince of PRUSSIA has married one of the brightest, cleverest, liveliest women to be found in any rank of life. The EMPRESS of AUSTRIA is under a sort of duty to be worth looking at, and, being pretty, she can help her husband at a moment of political crisis. Democracy has many excellences, but this particular advantage it does not possess. It would be simply ridiculous if President JOHNSON were, by way of cementing the union between the North and South, to promise to take Mrs. JOHNSON to Charleston. Perhaps it shows that the Hungarians are in a backward state of society that they should care, in a time of political agitation, to look at a pretty EMPRESS; but as they are in this backward state, and as they do care, it is well that there should be an Emperor and EMPRESS who can profit by the opportunity.

The speech with which the EMPEROR opened the Hungarian Diet was received with general satisfaction, and was allowed to have done great credit to its supposed composer, M. VON MAILATH, who, again, had borrowed a large portion of its contents from a manifesto of M. DEAK, the head of the Constitutional Opposition. The EMPEROR did not, indeed, give way on the main point of his being under an obligation to treat Hungary as part of his Empire, and to look at the general interests of the whole, and not merely at the interests of any one part, however large and important. The Hungarians knew that he could not give way on that, and the practical question which they will have to decide is, whether some compromise cannot be effected which shall secure Hungary in its independence, while it enables Hungary and the other provinces of the Empire to confer on matters which concern them all. But what delighted the Hungarians in the EMPEROR's speech, and what marked a new epoch in the dealings of the EMPEROR with Hungary, was the legal position on which the EMPEROR was content to rest. After the Hungarian war was at an end, a theory was started by the advocates at Vienna of a centralizing policy to be imposed on Hungary by force, to the effect that Hungary was a conquered country, and that the EMPEROR was master of it by right of conquest, with a power subject to no limitations, and unfettered by any of the trammels of the old Hungarian Constitution. It was this theory that made all reconciliation between Hungary and Austria altogether impossible. The Hungarian Constitution goes back to the days of the English Magna



Charta, and Hungarians are almost as proud of it, and as full of its memories, as a good old English Constitutionalist like Mr. BRIGHT is of the memories of the Parliaments of Charles I. and of the dicta of the great Lord SOMERS. To hear that all this splendid history had been wiped out, once for all, because Russia had put down an insurrection in Hungary, inflamed Hungarians with a fury of rage and indignation which went far to prove that their Constitution was not a sham, but a real part of the national life. Now, the EMPEROR has abandoned this theory altogether. He takes his stand on the Pragmatic Sanction, by virtue of which he is indisputably King of HUNGARY. He further acknowledges the laws of 1848—laws which were undoubtedly passed by the Diet in proper form, and sanctioned by the then King, the late Emperor of AUSTRIA, but which, in recent years, Austrian statesmen have always denied to have any force, on the ground that they were revolutionary measures which the KING was surprised into approving, and which were sanctioned, so far as they were sanctioned, on an understanding which was put an end to by the violence of KOSSUTH and the revolutionary party. The EMPEROR no longer contests their validity. They are, he says, existing, binding laws, and he, accepting the Hungarian Constitution and approaching the Diet merely as hereditary King, and not in any way as conqueror of Hungary, bows to the authority of these laws as to all other laws duly passed in proper form. But he invites his subjects to consider the practical effect of these laws. They will not work, as he thinks. They do not suit the times, or the actual position of Hungary and of Austria in modern Europe.

It is not surprising that the Hungarians are very much conciliated by language of this kind, and that, having gained their main object, and having their Constitution recognised as existing, and as never having ceased to exist, they are willing to think how far they can go towards meeting the wishes of their Sovereign. The EMPEROR has also done something positive to gain their confidence. He has allowed one of the laws of 1848 to become operative, and it is one to which the Hungarians attach great importance. This law provided that the provinces of Transylvania and Croatia, which in old days formed part of the possessions and dependencies of the Hungarian Crown, should be represented in the Hungarian Diet at Pesth. It was the policy of Austria to govern by dividing; and this project of uniting the Eastern provinces of the Empire was looked on with the greatest disfavour at Vienna. But the EMPEROR has now let the Hungarians have their way on this point, and Transylvania and Croatia are to be encouraged, though not ostensibly compelled, to send representatives to Pesth. Having thus paved the way for a good understanding, and for a fair and generous consideration of all points of difference, the EMPEROR proceeded to show what were the obstacles which he saw in the way of the practical operation of some other of the laws of 1848. The chief of the laws to which he referred provided that there shall be a separate Hungarian Ministry; that the relation between the King of HUNGARY and the EMPEROR shall be merely this, that they happen to be the same man; and that the Hungarian Diet shall have the control of the finances and the troops of the country. The EMPEROR says plainly that these laws will throw Austria and Hungary into confusion, and will break up Austria as a great Power. There must be some arrangement by which Hungarian troops and Hungarian money are thrown into a common fund, or the EMPEROR cannot reckon on the resources and effectual aid of Hungary in dealing with foreign Powers. No Hungarian entitled to be called anything of a statesman can deny this; and, therefore, the laws of 1848 must be modified, if Hungary is to be not merely a possession of the Head of the HAPSBURGs, but a part of a great Empire. It may be hoped that a truth so obvious will produce the results which it ought to produce, and that before long the EMPEROR will receive the Crown of St. STEPHEN, after having settled with his Hungarian subjects that he shall wear it on terms that will still leave him with the control of one of the great Powers of Europe.

#### MR. BRIGHT IN THE CABINET.

WHEN the ancient poet painted Rumour as hiding her head in the clouds, he must have intended to describe the affected mysteriousness with which political leaders veil their schemes long after the common herd of mankind has begun to talk about them. This mysteriousness has, as some imagine, prevented the organs of the Ministry from telling the world that Mr. BRIGHT is about to take office; but it

does not prevent one part of the outside world from clamouring for his accession to the Cabinet, and another from believing and asserting that it will speedily take place. And it may, indeed, be fairly argued that, if any inference is to be drawn from Mr. BRIGHT's recent speeches at Birmingham, this belief is not unreasonable. As his American friends would say, Mr. BRIGHT has taken his stand on a new platform of compromise with HER MAJESTY's Ministers, and HER MAJESTY's Ministers have adopted the programme of this platform. If this be correct, or even if it approximate to correctness, there is certainly a very grave question for the consideration of the country. At no time of her history has England loved coalitions; and the coalition of Mr. BRIGHT with the present Cabinet would be a singularly monstrous and disgraceful combination. To give any pretext for such a conjunction, one of two things must be assumed as true; either that Mr. BRIGHT has retracted the best-known articles of his political faith, or that Earl RUSSELL's Government has adopted them as its own. The former hypothesis would be fatal to Mr. BRIGHT's reputation, not only for earnestness, but for acuteness, and would throw a lurid cloud of ridicule and reproach upon the trade of the English demagogue; the latter would blast the supreme days of Earl RUSSELL's statesmanship with an ineffaceable scandal. That a man should have gone on year after year expending no inconsiderable rhetorical powers, and very great histrionic powers, in inflaming the passions of the least educated among his countrymen against the institutions of their country and his own, and teaching the broad doctrines of envy, hatred, and malice against all persons above the grade of artisans and labourers, merely in the end to sell his duped admirers for a mess of Ministerial pottage, is incredible, less for the want of honesty which it implies than for the want of sense. It is true that O'CONNELL, the only other demagogue of our day with whom Mr. BRIGHT may be compared, continued year after year to humour his ragged devotees with shadowy prophecies of a Celtic Parliament and a Celtic sway. But it would be unjust to that cunning which belongs to agitators of Mr. BRIGHT's school to suppose that he can estimate the intelligence or the resolution of the North-country operatives on a level with that of the shirtless peasants of Cork or Tipperary. Although much of every demagogue's talk goes in at one ear to go out at the other, yet far more lingers in the memory and heart of the English than of the Irish disciple. And for Mr. BRIGHT openly to frustrate the hopes which he has kindled, and to play with the passions which he has inflamed by years of ardent declamation, would be to descend to a depth of shame which was never fathomed by WILKES, even in his lowest abasement. We cannot, therefore, suppose that Mr. BRIGHT intends to befool his long-expected worshippers, and to barter his sceptre of discontent for the empty parade of Ministerial place and the petty fragment of Ministerial patronage. What would the Right Hon. JOHN BRIGHT, President of the Board of Trade, or Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, with doctrines recanted and professions retracted, be in comparison with plain JOHN BRIGHT, the burly, unscrupulous apostle of universal hate? What would he be in his own estimation, or in that of his betrayed and deluded followers? What could place, position, and patronage give in exchange for so great a sacrifice?

We may safely infer, then, that Mr. BRIGHT will not consent to be merged in the average conventionalism of a Whig Ministry. He will absorb RUSSELL, rather than let RUSSELL absorb BRIGHT. In other words, if he joined the Ministry, the Ministry must cease to be Whig, and learn to become Brightite. Such a phenomenon would be tantamount to something more than a Reform Bill; it would be little short of a revolution. Let us consider in detail what it would amount to. The QUEEN would have as a Minister a man who, up to his last Birmingham speech, always praised Republicanism at the expense of Monarchy; who, in that Birmingham speech, could not help deviating into an assault on the wickedness and corruption of Courts; a man who has never ceased to hold up one of the Estates of the realm to hatred and contempt, and, on one occasion, when replying to this reproach, defended himself by a sneer as full of malignity as it was of folly; a man who has never shrunk from enlisting the worst passions of the lowest and poorest of mankind against the inequalities of fortune, and has sought to sanctify his wicked efforts by the phraseology of religion. It would be for Earl RUSSELL to explain on what plausible pretext he could advise the Sovereign to confide the seals of office to a man who evidently, in his last speech, implies that her throne owes an exceptional stability solely to her own exceptional virtues, and that, were she or her successors to disappoint his expectations, they and the House

of Peers might alike be obliterated from the order of things. This is a grave matter of reflection for any Premier. Secondary to this, but still not without gravity in the mind of any conscientious and constitutional statesman, are other considerations which at once present themselves. How could Lord RUSSELL consent to sit in the same Cabinet with a man who has the intrepidity to incur the alternative charge of gross misrepresentation or of grosser ignorance, to which Mr. BRIGHT's recent speech is so strikingly obnoxious? What could Lord RUSSELL think of a colleague who dares to insinuate before the artisans of Birmingham that Lord SOMERS was an advocate of either household or universal suffrage—Lord SOMERS, who, like every great constitutional lawyer, associated the suffrage not only with property, but with property of a freehold character? It is difficult to conceive the dismay and horror with which Lord SOMERS would have received a proposal to admit all the inhabitants, or even all the occupants of small tenements in boroughs, to the electoral franchise. Yet such is Mr. BRIGHT's reading of history. Imagine a high Cabinet Minister picking up his first fragmentary gleanings of English history at haphazard from some popular gossiping biography of the day, and then misquoting or misconstruing it for the delusion of half-educated mechanics. But if Earl RUSSELL's knowledge of constitutional history, and patrician love of truth, could tolerate the mixed ignorance and disingenuousness of such a colleague, how would the economical knowledge of Mr. GLADSTONE brook the wicked charlatanism which taught the same enlightened audience that a Dorsetshire labourer's wages are depressed by the cruelty of the higher classes, and might be raised by the agency of universal suffrage?

It is true that these are not the days of strong men and strong Ministers. There is enough of cleverness, of fluency, of quickness; but strength of character is rare everywhere—rarer perhaps on the Treasury benches than elsewhere. Earl RUSSELL himself is suspected not to be always above the manoeuvring trickiness of political intrigue. Mr. CARDWELL is not famous for his courage. Mr. GLADSTONE has so much innate casuistry in his composition that his enemies call him Jesuit. Even his best friends admit that he is so subtle in his perception of the merits or the advantages of the most opposite courses, that no one can venture to predict what line he will adopt, or can foretell anything about him beyond the probability that he will take by turns courses the most contradictory, and that his eventual decision will be in favour of that which is the most democratic. Subtle, ingenious, plausible, and eloquent, he wants that vigour and solidity which would resent as an affront the imposition of Mr. BRIGHT as a colleague, and of Mr. BRIGHT's measures as a policy. Or it may be that Eton and Oxford have glossed over, rather than eradicated, the original democratic leaven of Liverpool and Leith—that at heart he still loves to swim with the broad current of swelling numbers, and that, had he less culture and less knowledge, he would delight in reiterating the cant phrases of Mr. BRIGHT's political faith. Still, making every allowance for any trucking on the part of Lord RUSSELL, for any timidity on the part of Mr. CARDWELL, and for any elasticity of Mr. GLADSTONE's conscience, we can hardly suppose that any Whig Government would be so reckless of its own safety as to court that obloquy for itself, and give that vitality to its most reactionary opponents, which must inevitably result from the entrance of Mr. BRIGHT into the Council Chamber of an English monarch. If Mr. BRIGHT were a Cabinet Minister for six months, Toryism would be rampant in England for the next six years.

#### THE FALL OF THE ITALIAN CABINET.

M. SELLA'S long-looked-for financial statement has scarcely appeared when it is followed by the announcement that the Cabinet is broken up, and that General LA MARMORA is engaged in forming a new Ministry. Whatever may be the indirect reason assigned for this catastrophe, it was clear from the first that the Ministerial Budget was a failure. Its publication has, however, not been without advantage, as Europe is now enabled to verify its misgivings about the finances of Italy by the figures laid before the Parliament. The deficit for 1865 has been 207 millions, a sum representing about eight and a quarter millions of English money. The deficit for 1866, calculated upon the hypothesis that no new policy is to be adopted and no new taxes imposed, is still more alarming. M. SELLA and his colleagues had to face for 1866 an estimated expenditure of 929 millions, against which was to be set an estimated revenue

of 667. This made the deficit for the coming year 262 millions, or nearly ten millions and a third sterling. Stated barely, the shortcoming is formidable enough, but, compared with the total income of the Kingdom, the proportion of deficit is simply startling. The Italians are by this time aware of the pressing character of the difficulty, and if M. SELLA's remedies have been felt to be distasteful, it is generally admitted that the disease is desperate. One ordinary method of retrenchment is made almost impossible by the temper of the Italian nation, and the view which Italians take of the political state of Europe. Italy is apparently determined not to disarm; and this is a matter in which Liberal Europe has no desire or business to interfere. Even were the Italians of a different mind, it is clear that a sweeping disarmament itself would scarcely restore financial equilibrium. The army and navy estimates for 1860 amount to 230 millions. That the country must keep some sort of military establishment is obvious. Southern Italy is unquiet, and the Austrian frontier must be watched, if not to keep off Austria, at any rate to keep back the revolution. Were the Italians to surrender the cherished project of creating a national fleet, to buy no more big English guns, to build no more ironclads, and to disband all their supernumerary regiments, the saving they could effect by the utmost clipping and paring would not amount probably to more than 80 or 100 millions. This would go a very short way to fill up a deficit of 260, and for the modest gain Italy would be obliged to give up, not merely her ambition, but her independence; for without an army and navy of her own she must subside into the precarious condition of vassalage to France. This is not what Europe wishes, or what the best sort of Frenchmen themselves wish, and it is undoubtedly a policy on which no Italian Government could at present safely venture. Few things could be more unpopular than M. SELLA's odious proposition to lay a tax upon grinding corn. The promised memoir in which its author was to confute all the objections raised to it has not yet reached England, and perhaps may never arrive at all. Meanwhile, one may be pardoned for maintaining that the tax combined a rare variety of economical disadvantages. Still a ten per cent. corn-tax would produce a net sum of 100 millions, and if the only choice lay between raising that amount by military retrenchment or by a tax on grinding corn, M. SELLA perhaps believed up to the last that the present Chamber would unhesitatingly prefer the latter evil. It is to be observed that the estimate for the Italian civil service mounts up to within thirty millions of the entire army and navy estimates. Under this head, too, reduction naturally might appear difficult, if not impossible. There are probably many Italian *employés* who are totally useless, many that are underworked, and more that are overpaid; but no Government could dare to make bad blood by a wholesale system of dismissals. Nothing within the range of human experience is probably so deadly or so enduring as the venom of a dismissed official; and Italy is too much broken up into provinces, and too much distracted by faction and excitement, to be able to afford to create immediately a fresh class of enemies to the existing *régime*. With the utmost care, M. SELLA hoped to achieve a diminution in the civil and military expenditure of nearly eighty millions, but more than this it was not his purpose even to attempt. For about fifty millions of savings credit had been taken in the estimates. Thirty more might perhaps have been effected with the assistance of the Legislature, but the upshot of all was that fresh sources of revenue had to be called into existence to meet, or at any rate to grapple with, a final deficit of 230.

From sales of national property and loans M. SELLA acknowledged that little could be hoped. Italy, unhappily, has arrived at this wholesome opinion at the precise moment when the money-market seems almost closed to her. Since 1861, 133 millions of additional annual burden are set down as the result of debts contracted by the nation. Twelve millions of net income have been lost by the sale of the railways alone. The resources of the country have certainly gone on increasing in the same period, but the burdens have been multiplying three times as fast as the resources. To borrow, again, upon disadvantageous terms this year, would be merely adjourning the pressure for one year longer, and bringing inevitable bankruptcy one year nearer. Italians of all shades of party feeling will agree that the mischief must be dealt with in a less prodigal fashion; and M. SELLA was driven back, as might have been anticipated, upon a scheme of taxation. Reform in the Stamp and Registry laws might, according to his theory, have been rewarded by a gain of twenty millions. Another twenty-five were to be raised by a general door and window tax. To this latter specific his



countrymen were inclined from the first to see several obvious and well-founded objections. In the first place, there is already in existence a tax upon houses, and it is a grave question whether houses are not already sufficiently weighted. In the second, a tax upon doors and windows, in a country like Italy, is not altogether desirable. It bears heavily upon the poorer classes, and has an immediate tendency to check their sanitary and moral progress. Taken in conjunction with the impost upon grinding corn, it gave the friends of the humbler orders a fair reason for grumbling and complaint. And when all was done—when the poor had paid heavily on the light and air they breathed, and ten per cent. as well upon the very corn they carried to their mill—there was a gulf of 100 millions that remained yawning in M. SELLA's face. The question of military and naval retrenchment thus came round again in a still more unpleasing way. It was no longer a question whether the new Kingdom was to choose between the tax on corn, on the one hand, and a wholesale disarmament on the other, but whether both distasteful pills must not be swallowed together. This complete and double sacrifice the Cabinet had not the courage to propose. Yet it is not the less evident that nothing short of it could readjust the scale of national income and of national expenditure. Sanguine Italians are found here and there who profess the expectation that the growing prosperity of the country may enable it to tide over the deficit of 100 millions. But it is to be recollected that the national income has been growing, at the most, only at the rate of ten millions a year. Supposing it in future to increase with still greater rapidity, it would take something not far short of eight years more for the receipts to balance the outgoings, without allowing for the growth of annual deficit; and even this calculation must have proceeded on the assumption that the most hateful taxes in the world were to be permanent, and not temporary. Meanwhile, the accumulation of deficit, and the interest upon it, would have amounted to no small total; and, in reality, financial equilibrium at the end of the eight years would still be unattained. M. SELLA's remedies, therefore, must be considered not merely as severe, but as inefficacious into the bargain. If, like the rest of his colleagues, he has now left office, he has not left behind him to his successor any practical scheme for solving the financial difficulties of the country.

It is to be remarked that the Finance Minister, up to the moment of the resignation of the Cabinet, had not alluded to one source of wealth which undoubtedly exists, but which has hitherto been treated as if it were too sacred to be touched. The Ministry, in common with the Parliament, stood committed to the conversion of the property of the Religious Corporations. The surplus proceeds of what is termed, by the Catholic Church, a sacrilegious robbery, it had been resolved to devote to local purposes in the communes where the property exists. If it were desirable to use them for more general purposes, which may in theory be doubted, it would be perhaps impossible to do so. The secularization of Church property will evidently be achieved without much local discontent, except possibly in Sicily; but the confiscation of it for Imperial necessities would be a different and a far more unpopular measure in the provinces. To a certain degree, any secularization will incidentally relieve the Imperial Exchequer, and it may be feasible to levy a percentage on every sale on behalf of the State. But a sweeping policy of Imperial confiscation M. SELLA had not ventured to suggest; though it is clear that he must have considered, in his own mind, every available scheme. Perhaps, both with regard to Church property and to military retrenchment, the late Cabinet of Florence were resolved that any initiation which might be necessary should be taken by the Parliament and the nation. Their silence on both subjects had the effect of casting on the public and the Chamber the whole onus of the financial embarrassment. No rivals can be very anxious, at the present juncture, to step into their places; and whoever may succeed M. SELLA will succeed to a nest of perplexities. But it would seem that the Left, who in the new Parliament muster in significant force, are at present debating whether they shall not take the initiative which was tacitly offered them by the inadequacy of the Minister's financial scheme. The Left are themselves in a position of difficulty. The avowed policy of their party makes them reluctant to assent to, far less to suggest, a national disarmament. Time will show whether they have either the strength or the courage to follow the example of UZZIAH, and to lay their finger on the sacred Ark of the Church's treasures. It is sufficient to say that deep interest and importance attach for the moment to their deliberations. If we could tell with certainty what is going on in the secret

councils of the Left of the Italian Chamber, we should be enabled to guess with tolerable confidence both at the character of the new Cabinet and at the nature of the financial measures that will ultimately be adopted by the Parliament.

#### OUR INTERNATIONAL SHORTCOMINGS.

THAT part of the PRESIDENT's Message which refers to England, and to the measures taken by our Government with regard to Confederate cruisers, contains matter for the gravest and most serious reflection, and raises apprehensions to which it would be folly to close our eyes. The PRESIDENT brings a heavy charge against us, and the worst of it is that this charge is more easily stated than answered. After premising that the formal accordance of belligerent rights to the insurgent States was unprecedented, and has not been justified by the issue, and taking care not to allege that the declaration of blockade was not technically a warrant for the counter-step of according these belligerent rights, he goes on to say, what is quite true, that it was only through the action of England that the accordance of these rights made much difference. No one can deny that "British ships, manned by British subjects, and prepared for receiving British armaments, sailed from the ports of Great Britain to make war on American commerce, under the shelter of a commission from the insurgent States." It is also true that these ships, having once escaped from British ports, ever afterwards entered them in every part of the world, to refit, and so to renew their depredations. Further, we unfortunately cannot deny that this had the effect, to a great extent, of driving the American flag from the sea, and of transferring much of American shipping and American commerce to the very Power whose subjects had created the necessity for such a change. Lord RUSSELL did, in a great measure, rest his defence on the ground that he had been obliged in all the steps he took to consider our municipal law, and the interpretations which English judges and English tribunals had put, or were likely to put, on that law. Further, we refused arbitration, and proposed instead a Commission from the consideration of which the only matters in which the Americans felt any interest should be excluded. All this sounds very bad, and even if we have a defence further than appears in the PRESIDENT's statement, yet we must regret that the *prima facie* case against us is so strong. For the proposal of a Commission there is, we conceive, no defence whatever. It was a pure diplomatic blunder. It was one of those illusory offers which are intended, not to facilitate negotiations, but to throw on the opposing party the onus of rejecting them. To the rest of the case there is a defence which in a great measure would, we hope, be considered by any impartial judge a good defence; but then it is a defence that cannot be put in the telling and concise way in which the accusation against us can be put. Lord RUSSELL, being called on to act, examined how far he had power to act; and, seeing that we and the United States had substantially the same provisions in our municipal systems of law for dealing with such cases, acted in accordance with those provisions, and did exactly what the United States had done when a precisely similar case arose during the war of Portugal with Brazil. Afterwards it was clear that these provisions were ineffectual; and then Lord RUSSELL, no longer taking our municipal law as the measure of our duty as a neutral, boldly invented and enforced a method of preventing the issue of Confederate armed cruisers which was quite illegal, but which was effectual, and satisfied practically the requirements of the Americans. This is substantially our defence. We, in the first instance, did adopt our municipal law as the standard of our duty, because, as it was our law, and as it also had the sanction of being substantially identical with the municipal law of the United States, it might be reasonably supposed to be effectual for its object. When it failed, we no longer treated it as the measure of our duty, but invented a new system of action which enlarged the measure of our duty very considerably, and practically answered its purpose. This seems to us a good defence, and especially as against the Americans. They, like ourselves, know all the difficulties which beset the Governments of free States when they try to limit the operations of their subjects. They had, and still have, a municipal law for preventing similar damage to belligerents, which our recent experience proves to be ineffectual. They, like Englishmen, know how embarrassing it is for a Government to be called on to take cognizance of everything that happens along a vast line of coast peopled by an enterprising, self-reliant, unscrupulous population. They ought to judge us with all the indulgence which they would certainly

have claimed for themselves had our positions been reversed, and had they been the neutrals and we the belligerents.

It is also very difficult to state, in a summary and telling way, the causes why we were justified in refusing arbitration. It seems so fair, so conciliatory, to say, as the PRESIDENT does, that the United States, finding great questions of international law involved in the matter, proposed, in the honest and sincere love of peace and goodwill, to refer the whole case to arbitration. Nor is it certain that an English Minister who had accepted arbitration would have done as wrong as Lord RUSSELL did who declined arbitration, and offered in lieu of it an illusory Commission. But if we are right in the main point—if we took our law as the measure of our duty only until we found it inefficacious, and if we had this excuse for taking it as such measure in the first instance, that the greatest of our sister maritime nations had estimated the measure of its duty in exactly the same way—the only question to refer to arbitration in the case of the *Alabama* was whether we had fulfilled the measure of our duty by doing all that our law allowed us to do. Here arbitration could have been of little good. Admit that, in this first and experimental case, Lord RUSSELL had nothing to do but to lay the facts before the Law Officers, and act as they advised, the real question must then be whether Sir ROUNDELL PALMER looked up his papers fast enough; and as one of the few days during which the papers were before the Law Officers was a Sunday, the issue might turn on the question whether he could have been expected to stay away from church to get up the case of the *Alabama*. The diligence of particular officials is not a matter on which foreign arbitrators can properly decide. But it must be acknowledged that this does not touch the question whether we could have referred to arbitration the issue as to our being entitled to consider our municipal law the measure of our duty, in the first instance; and Lord RUSSELL ought to have considered this point more closely, and argued it more fully, in his despatch to Mr. ADAMS. All that, however, is past now. The opportunity for obtaining from an arbitration an interpretation of the duty of neutrals is gone by, if we could ever have availed ourselves of it; and it would be exceedingly satisfactory if we could see now any means of establishing such rules for the future as would relieve us, and every other maritime nation, from the dread of seeing commerce preyed on by such vessels as the *Alabama*. The best way, undoubtedly, would be to promote the assembling of a Maritime Congress, at which every danger to belligerents and neutrals from the escape of such cruisers should be discussed. But, after reading the PRESIDENT'S Message, we have little hope that a Congress could be got to meet for their discussion. The line which the Americans are inclined to take is very obvious. They say that they do not want to dispute any more with us, or to quarrel or make claims; but they will wait till we are at war, and then we shall find out by our own experience what it is to suffer as they have suffered. And if the Americans will not help us to call a Congress, we may be sure that France will not. The EMPEROR has too keen a recollection of the slight which, as he thinks, we put on him by refusing the Congress which he proposed, to do for us what we declined to do for him.

England, therefore, if she acts at all, must act for herself and by herself. Of course, if she takes any measures for the security of commerce now which she did not take when the American war was going on, it will be said that she is acting from fear, and from a mere selfish desire to avert from herself the injuries she has entailed on others. The Americans would be certain to say this, and would give us to understand that our repentance came too late. But that may not be a sufficient reason for not doing all that we can to be in the right; and even if considerable caution must be used in devising and proposing any changes, it can never be amiss to consider what salutary changes we might effect. Many changes have been proposed that would not be at all salutary, and views have been propounded of our duty as neutrals that would, if adopted, place us at the mercy of any belligerent who might call on us to carry them into practice. But some changes, more or less effectual and beneficial, might be made. In the first place, as our existing law does not express the measure of our duty as neutrals, and as our Government, in order to fulfil that measure, was forced to defy and infringe our law, we might profit by our experience, and bring our law up to the proper standard. We might give our Government the power to deal with all vessels of war in construction, as they dealt with Mr. LAIRD'S steam-rans. And, in the next place, it deserves consideration whether we might not borrow a lesson from the PRESIDENT'S

remark that we greatly aggravated the injury caused by the escape of the *Alabama* and her sister cruisers when we allowed them to come into British ports to refit. Need we do this for the future? The Spanish Government, immediately on hearing of the war with Chili, announced that, if a Spanish vessel of war captured any ship bearing a Chilian commission, but which had not issued from a Chilian port, it would treat the crew as pirates, which is a confused and technical periphrasis for hanging them. The only reason why a belligerent should not take this course is that he lays himself open to reprisals; and the Chilians might reply that, if this were done, and a Chilian man-of-war ever captured a Spanish vessel, the whole of the captured crew should be hanged in retaliation. It is for the belligerent to decide whether he likes to take this risk. But a neutral might perhaps say that no vessel of war of either belligerent should enter any of the harbours of the neutral unless it had issued from the port of the belligerent having already been invested with a military character. All that the neutral would have to do would be to refuse shelter, and this he might do probably without accepting any burden of duty that he was not able to bear. The next time that a great war arises, if England is happily a neutral, it may be worth while that she should announce at the outset that this will be the principle by which she will be guided in the reception of belligerent cruisers.

#### JAMAICA.

THERE is no reason to regret a short delay in the appointment of Commissioners of Inquiry in Jamaica. The officer who is to administer the government has preceded his colleagues, and the excitement which will have been caused in the island by the accounts from England will have had time to subside. It cannot be doubted that Sir H. STOKES has taken out instructions to withdraw the Bill for altering the Constitution, and probably he will also find it necessary to suspend the sittings of the Assembly. There is no reason to apprehend difficulty in repressing any disturbance among the negro population, but unavoidable mischief may be caused by the wild hopes and exaggerated rumours which will follow the arrival of the provisional GOVERNOR. It is one of the numerous objections to unjust conduct that it affords encouragement to the injured party, who has perhaps also been in the wrong. The extravagant severities which have been exercised are far from disproving the previous disaffection of the blacks, but they have necessarily diverted attention in England from crimes or designs which, at the worst, could not have affected the national honour. Some of the Baptist ministers have already begun to elevate GORDON into a saint, and Mr. EYRE may thank himself and his Court-Martial for having converted a troublesome agitator into a martyr. The negroes will not discriminate minutely between disapproval of the repressive measures which were adopted, and sanction of seditious language and conduct. It is impossible that the GOVERNOR, the Assembly, and the whole body of white residents can have been under a common delusion as to the latent disloyalty of the blacks. The sudden panic which was produced by the outbreak at Morant Bay is comparatively intelligible, although the Assembly, which had in the first instance echoed all the melancholy anticipations of the GOVERNOR, afterwards found it proper to ask whether he had any reason for sharing a belief which had recently been universal. The inhabitants of Kingston pledged themselves, by their festive reception of the Maroons, not only to the existence or imminence of a rebellion, but to the justice and prudence of the GOVERNOR'S proceedings. The Popish plot of two hundred years ago proves that, under certain conditions, a whole community may go mad together.

Although the GOVERNOR of Jamaica acted with unnecessary haste in advising the Assembly to reform itself away, the Imperial Parliament, on which the duty properly devolves, will be called upon to consider the expediency of amending or abolishing the present Constitution. The Commission will probably have enough to do in ascertaining the facts of the supposed conspiracy, and of the repressive measures of the GOVERNOR, without discussing the previous state of the black population, and without inquiring into the constitution or working of the Legislature. The unfairness of taxation, even where it exists, is no legal excuse for insurrection; and it would be difficult to estimate the respective influence of bad fiscal laws, and of negro idleness, in producing general distress. To ascertain the real causes of the decay of prosperity, it might be necessary to go back to the Emancipation Act of 1834, or to the admission into the English market of slave-grown sugar in 1846. The Jamaica



planters have, as far back as living memory extends, always suffered under the gradual and unwilling relinquishment of a monopoly which was once enormously profitable. They became discontented when the slave-trade was suppressed, and thirty years afterwards they complained that the compensation which was voted for their slaves was wasted in paying off the mortgage debts which they had been forced to incur. The liberated negroes were encouraged by their spiritual advisers in their natural reluctance to work on the sugar estates, and for another thirty years Jamaica has been going from bad to worse. Although there is no legal exclusion on account of colour, the property franchise places the control of the Assembly in the hands of the whites, who have not unnaturally attempted to legislate rather for the relief of the grievances which they feel than for the benefit of a labouring population which declines to labour. The distress of which the unfortunate GORDON and his political associates habitually complained may probably have been aggravated by the imposition of taxes on the materials of clothing; but it would, as Mr. CARDWELL stated in his answer to one of the memorials on the subject, have been effectually relieved if the negroes had been willing to work regularly on the plantations. The wages of labour were higher than at home, and the cost of living was less. Political remedies for social evils are seldom satisfactory, and the events which have lately occurred will alienate still further the mass of the people from the Assembly.

The most zealous agitators have had the good sense to abstain from proposing universal suffrage as the remedy for the grievances of Jamaica. The theory of government by a majority implies a common interest and a certain sympathy among different sections of the community. A negro constituency would not return a single member who was supposed to be willing to act justly to the whites; and if a Parliament is to represent a party, the more educated class is likely to be less extravagant in its selfishness than the mob. Whatever may be the truth as to the supposed project of a massacre, a black Parliament would have no scruple in passing measures which would drive the descendants of the former slave-owners from the island. The existence of an antagonism which is at present irreconcilable imposes on the Imperial Government the duty of administering and enforcing impartial justice. The alternative of abandoning a troublesome possession is not, in this instance, a matter for discussion. It may be plausibly argued that Australia, or Canada, or India itself, might administer its own affairs more successfully if it ceased to rely on English aid or tutelage; but the reverse would be certain in Jamaica, and the Mother-country cannot repudiate its liability for the consequences of its own former policy. The predecessors of the Jamaica planters were induced to settle in the island by the facility of obtaining slave-labour, and by the exclusive possession of a market for their produce, granted in consideration of their own abstinence from trade with foreigners. In course of time it became necessary, for moral and economical reasons, to abolish, in succession, the slave-trade, the institution of slavery, and the colonial monopoly of supplies. The planters, or those among them who remain, are left with their burdened estates in the midst of an unfriendly population, and they are fully entitled to Imperial protection for their property and persons. It is necessary to preserve them, not only from the wrongs which they might suffer, but from the temptation to oppress their alien neighbours. If the white residents have not belied themselves, they have resented with outrageous severity a negro outbreak which they regarded as the commencement of a servile insurrection. Like other Englishmen, they might be competent to govern themselves and their equals, and they might probably be just and benevolent to docile inferiors; but to a disaffected population of negroes, surrounding them in overwhelming numbers, they will, especially after the late unhappy events, be habitual enemies.

The only remedy seems to be either a provisional or permanent resumption of the direct authority of the Crown. A Council of nominees, judiciously selected, would furnish the Government with information of local wants and interests, and perhaps it might also be practicable to add a certain number of elected representatives, for purposes of advice and consultation. The English Minister who would be responsible for the good government of the island might be trusted to avoid violent partisanship either in religious or political affairs; and in time, perhaps, it might even be possible to re-establish constitutional government, to be administered by prosperous landowners, with the aid of a contented peasantry.

The experiment which is about to be tried in the Southern States of America will throw entirely new light on the prospects and capabilities of the negro race. The liberated slaves in that country, though they are numerous, still form a minority, and they are wholly incapable of contesting the social and political supremacy of their former masters. The practical sagacity of Americans, quickened by self-interest, will, if the achievement is possible, discover methods of persuading or constraining the negroes to resume the cultivation of the soil. As the PRESIDENT wisely said in his Message to Congress, it is premature to assume that two dissimilar races can by no possibility live together in prosperity and harmony. The West Indian planters have suffered under exceptional difficulties, and perhaps they have not made the best use of their opportunities. Many of them have been non-resident; the majority are in embarrassed circumstances; and the entire white population is so small that the physical force of the negroes inspires alarm and distrust. The possible contingency of an abandonment of the island by the white proprietors would be a disastrous result of a benevolent policy. If slavery, followed by emancipation, ends in nothing better than a dependency or a republic on the level of Hayti, the only process yet devised for the civilization of the negro will have ended in a melancholy failure. It would be a thankless task to govern a black Jamaica where an English society had existed for two hundred years.

#### SPAIN AND CHILI.

IF the Spanish Government has finally accepted the mediation of England and France, the absurd Chilian war is virtually at an end. It is true that South American patriots profit by the unbounded toleration of English newspaper editors to explain that Chili also has satisfaction to exact, and that Spain will not be allowed to retreat from a false position except on condition of offering impossible apologies. The Chilians will, according to their advocates, be the more ready to persist in the quarrel, because the goods which would be damaged by a bombardment, and the copper which would be precluded from exportation by a blockade, belong for the most part, not to indigenous Republicans, but to foreign merchants. It is inferred, therefore, that the Spanish Admiral must give a salute instead of receiving it, or that the compensation which is to pass must be awarded to the Treasury of Santiago. The mediating Governments are perfectly aware of the conditions of trade on the Pacific coast, and their object is, not to reward or punish either of the disputants, but to put an end to a troublesome complication. If necessary, they will use diplomatic pressure to urge the adoption of some equitable compromise, and the Government of Chili is reasonable enough to understand the expediency of terminating the war on honourable terms. The Spanish Cabinet deserves credit for its good sense in deferring to remonstrances which would not have been followed by active interference. Lord CLARENDON and M. DROUYN DE L'HUYS probably tendered their good offices with due respect for Spanish dignity or susceptibility; but the language of injured merchants and of indignant journalists was not especially considerate or prudent. The injury which might have been inflicted on Liverpool or Swansea by a blockade of Chilian ports furnished an excellent reason for asking for the friendly intervention of the Foreign Office, but it might, perhaps, not have been accepted at Madrid as a forcible argument in favour of peace. When a man is engaged in a quarrel, his pugnacity receives additional irritation from a suggestion that his violence, however justifiable towards his antagonist, is annoying to his neighbours; and Admiral PAREJA's satisfaction in blockading Valparaiso would scarcely have been diminished by the reflection that the copper furnaces of Glamorganshire would consequently be out of blast. Still less adroitness was shown in hasty appeals to the Government of Washington to enforce the MONROE doctrine, in the extreme regions of South America, against Spanish encroachment. Mr. SEWARD might have fairly replied by acknowledging the recognition of a disputed right to prohibit European interference in the Western hemisphere. He would have been at liberty to add that his Government would judge for itself of the occasion for exercising its protecting function, and that it was not prepared to quarrel with Spain on the invitation of England. It is fortunate that professional diplomatists are generally more reticent than eager amateurs.

When the proper number of guns has been fired, and when the proper flags have been hoisted or lowered, it may be hoped that Spain and the South American Republics will see

the convenience of avoiding any further rupture. All projects of reconquest are obviously futile, nor would the fractional revival of the old colonial system, even if it were practicable, be advantageous to the Mother-country. San Domingo, though it might have been permanently held by a garrison supported by a fleet, was soon found to cause more trouble and expense than it was worth. The continental territories are too large to be occupied, although any point on the coast might be easily seized by an invading army. Even if territorial acquisition were feasible, Spain has more to lose than to gain by disturbing the actual state of possession in America. When the people of the United States are at leisure, some party will undoubtedly revive the designs on Cuba which Mr. BUCHANAN audaciously avowed in more than one Presidential Message. The MONROE doctrine might easily be twisted into an excuse for seizing a Spanish colony, as an equivalent for Valparaiso or the Chincha Islands; and the right of the Americans to America would be vindicated by the extension of Federal dominion in exchange for any diminution of Chilian or Peruvian territory. It is, after all, doubtful whether Spain has seriously intended to recover any South American possession. The refusal to send a Minister to Peru, except with the colonial title of Commissioner, and the recent proclamation of Admiral PAREJA, may perhaps have been intended rather as assertions of superiority than as menaces of aggression. The provocations which are from time to time offered by the South American Republics are probably more intelligible in Spain than in England. The experience of ninety years since the Declaration of Independence has illustrated the tendency of a common language to produce reciprocal irritation between two kindred nations; and American rudeness and English superciliousness would perhaps have been still more inconsistent with peaceful relations, if the power of either country had not imposed unavoidable respect on its rival. Although American politicians incessantly declare that England cannot be kicked into a war, they are perfectly aware that it would be unsafe to try the experiment. On this side of the Atlantic, even those who dislike American institutions or manners abstain from affecting a contempt which it is impossible they should feel. A Spaniard must regard with an entirely different sentiment the upstart Republics which have never yet succeeded in attaining freedom or order. South American patriots are probably as impetuous as the English colonists who occasionally use strong language to attract the attention of Downing Street. The impartial bystander seldom succeeds in understanding why a particular mode of biting the thumb should be especially annoying to one among many passers by; but a Spanish Minister or Admiral knows that an insult was intended, and accordingly he retaliates by pretending to forget that the offending State has ever established its independence. Foreign diplomatists ought, in the first place, to make themselves familiar with the little weaknesses of their neighbours, and afterwards they must studiously conceal the knowledge which is only useful in regulating their conduct and language.

The Spanish Government has strong reason for avoiding unnecessary wars, as its finances are seriously deranged. The political condition of the country is unsatisfactory when the Opposition, with or without reason, professes its intention to abstain for the time from participation in public affairs. It is also asserted that the dynasty itself is in danger; but the extreme indiscretion shown in circulating such rumours diminishes the credibility of the reporter. The gratification of displaying familiarity with State secrets is no excuse for language which must be deeply offensive to all parties in Spain. Court scandal is an interesting subject of private conversation, but it is unfit for newspaper discussion, especially on the part of strangers; and Spain is, of all nations, most certain to resent the public disclosure of Royal peccadilloes. If a country chooses to be reigned over by a Sovereign who is governed by disreputable monks and nuns, foreigners have nothing to do with a determination which may, after all, be intrinsically reasonable and patriotic. It is infinitely better to deprive an injudicious Prince of the power of injuring his subjects than to convert him and his family, by deposition, into a stock of Pretenders. The statesmen of Spain may sometimes be hampered in their policy by back-stairs intrigue, but both O'DONNELL and his predecessors have proved that they are not merely obsequious courtiers. If the squabble with Chili was a mistake, the recognition of Italy and the answer to the Austrian remonstrance were statesmanlike measures, and proofs of political independence. Whatever may be the personal deference of the QUEEN to spiritual counsellors, the

establishment of relations with a partially excommunicated KING was a repudiation of the political supremacy of Rome. The measures for the suppression of the Slave-trade which have been recently announced may also be accepted as indications of a liberal policy. The organs of English opinion might exercise a stronger influence if their criticism were more carefully divested of its censorious character. There is not the smallest use in perpetually taunting the Prussians with perfidious cupidity, or in informing Spaniards that they are on the eve of a revolution. All Englishmen, with the exception of a small and diminishing section of the old Tory party, desire the spread of freedom and good government in all parts of the world; and the whole community is unanimous in its attachment to peace. Sensible men, however, in dealing with imperfect fellow-creatures, are in the habit of adapting their arguments to the tastes and characters of their auditors. Since the time when the sun stripped the traveller more easily than the wind, deference and sympathy have been more effective than scolding. It might be perfectly true that a Spanish Envoy had admitted that the conduct of a Spanish Admiral was outrageous; but the English confidant of the candid diplomatist could only ruin his friend, and offend the Spanish Government, by reporting a confidential conversation. It was certain that foreign commerce was largely incommoded by the blockade of the Chilian coast, and yet a judicious neutral would rather have dwelt on the interests and feelings of the belligerent than on his own special grievance. The English and French Governments have probably represented to the Spanish Minister that his Government can well afford to make allowances for a weaker State, and that regard for the convenience of neutrals may be gracefully exhibited when it is not demanded as a right. The general annoyance which is caused by every maritime war will probably suggest efforts on the part of the Great Powers to guard, if possible, against the frequent repetition of unnecessary blockades.

#### MR. M'CULLOCH'S REPORT.

THE Report of the SECRETARY of the TREASURY is the most creditable document that the United States have given to the world since the commencement of the war. It contains no ingenious novelties, and suggests no brilliant *coups*, but it is based on sound financial doctrines, and, what is much more remarkable, it tells the whole truth without disguise. On this side of the Atlantic the theory of currency is sufficiently understood by all, or nearly all, of those who need know anything about it. Like most other practical truths, the essential doctrines of a sound currency are not very palatable, and for some years they have been as studiously banished from the United States as if they had been the wicked inventions of "JEFF DAVIS," or some of his confederated "rebels." It must have needed some courage to put the palpable facts and their consequences, simple and obvious as they are, fairly before the American people, and Mr. M'CULLOCH deserves infinite credit for his unflinching statement of the actual financial position of his country. Whether Congress will be wise enough to accept and to act upon the sound views of the SECRETARY of the TREASURY, remains to be proved; but whether he succeeds or fails in carrying his policy into effect, he has made his own reputation safe as an honest and intelligent financier. The introduction to the Report is a brief and admirable summary of the laws which inevitably govern the action of any paper currency; and with this Mr. M'CULLOCH weaves the popular theory of the war-power to justify all past transgressions beyond the pale of the Constitution. His view is that, apart from this war-power—or, as it used to be called, "the plea of necessity"—the Federal Government had absolutely no right to issue bank-notes at all. Although the position has been challenged by ingenious Americans of the legal sort, it is probably the sounder view of the limitations of the central authority; but the duty and the advantage of redeeming the redundant currency rest, as Mr. M'CULLOCH does not fail to show, upon grounds far more cogent than any legal theory as to the construction of what remains of the old Constitution.

Mr. M'CULLOCH's facts do all the work of argument for him. The United States now rejoice in a supply of currency to the nominal value of about 150,000,000*l.* While specie payment was in fashion, the amount of paper afloat varied from 12,000,000*l.*, in times of depression, to a little more than 40,000,000*l.* in those periods of inflation which were the immediate preludes of a commercial crisis. With the largest possible allowance for the gold in circulation, the whole currency afloat just before the crisis of 1837 could not have been more than 40,000,000*l.*, and at the corresponding period in 1857 certainly did not reach 50,000,000*l.*; that is



to say, one-third of the amount at present in circulation. If these figures of Mr. McCulloch's are to be trusted—which there is no reason to doubt—it follows that the present premium on gold (about 50 per cent.) is far from representing the actual inflation of the currency. A withdrawal of one-third of the notes in circulation ought, according to the present quotations, to bring gold to par, but even this would leave the circulating medium twice as large as it was during the excessive expansion of 1857. In spite of the war, America can probably use more currency than she required eight or ten years ago; but some portion of the apparent increase of the demand is probably due, as Mr. McCulloch evidently believes, to a thoroughly unwholesome inflation, which threatens, unless effectually checked, to produce a commercial convulsion such as not even America has hitherto given birth to. Whether any repressive measures, however energetic and well devised, will suffice to avert this calamity, may be doubtful; but, if anything is to do so, it can only be the prudent and determined course which the Financial Secretary proposes to take in withdrawing the paper money until no such thing as a legal-tender note shall be recognised within the territory of the United States. His estimate is that 40,000,000*l.* employed in the retirement of notes will certainly suffice to bring them to par, and he asks for powers to raise the necessary funds by a further issue of six per cent. bonds. This expedient, if adopted, will undoubtedly dispose of the currency difficulty, and may possibly prevent or defer the apparently impending crisis. But it will add 40,000,000*l.* to the debt, the aggregate amount of which, independently of any currency loan, is estimated to reach, in the course of the year, the handsome total of 600,000,000*l.* If we assume that the Secretary will succeed in getting rid of greenbacks, he will be left with a national debt of 640,000,000*l.* to provide for. All this he admits, and does not flinch from the responsibility. He considers that, subject to certain contingencies, he may reckon on ultimately reducing the interest to an average of 5, or at most 5½ per cent. The annual charge must, therefore, be put at from 30,000,000*l.* to 35,000,000*l.* Mr. McCulloch's calculations show a smaller result; but that arises only from the omission in this part of the Report of any reference to the proposed new debt for the redemption of the currency. Heavy as the burden is, there is no doubt that America can bear it, if she chooses to do so; and Mr. McCulloch, with a cogency which will be more impressive anywhere than in the United States, insists that, after providing for every current outlay, the revenue should be made to leave a surplus of 40,000,000*l.*, applicable to the payment of principal and interest on the national debt, so as to work off the whole in the course of some thirty years. Nothing can be more satisfactory than the prospect of getting rid of so terrible a liability as the new debt of the United States; but many will be found to doubt whether the payment of debt is the wisest application of national resources, and very many more will hesitate to condemn themselves for the remainder of their lives to a continuance of the crushing taxation which is now the distinguishing peculiarity of the Union. A certain amount of delusion has been propagated of late as to the real amount of the Federal revenues. The actual receipts, especially from Customs, during the last few months have been enormous; but no one—or at any rate no one who wishes well to America—can desire or expect that the enormous transactions which have swelled the Customs duties should continue much longer. They are wholly unsound, and cannot continue long without producing the most serious reaction. Mr. McCulloch himself sees in them “no indications of real and permanent prosperity, no evidence of increasing wealth;” but rather a sign that “the plethora of paper-money is undermining the morals of the people, by encouraging waste and extravagance, and striking at the root of material prosperity.”

Something much more sober than any estimate founded on recent receipts must be taken as the measure of the revenues of the United States. Mr. McCulloch puts them at about 80,000,000*l.* per annum, of which one quarter only is receivable in gold. When greenbacks come to par, this will therefore dwindle down to 60,000,000*l.*, and, after providing the suggested 40,000,000*l.* for interest and sinking fund, would leave but 20,000,000*l.* for the whole current expenses of the Government. It is clear, therefore, that the present scale of taxation will not suffice, at the utmost, to do more than to provide for the interest on the debt; and the burden is already so severe that the Report does not venture to suggest anything in the nature of an additional tax. It will need all the popularity of the Ministers to retain the imposts already sanctioned, and, as if by way of meeting a coming

storm, Mr. McCulloch proposes to mitigate the pressure by readjustments which will not affect the total income of the country. Even to carry his policy so far as to keep down the annual interest, Mr. McCulloch finds it necessary to insist on the exemption of all bondholders from taxation. The argument is not new to us here, and it has been, righteously or not, decided against the holders of Consols; but in America it seems that the exemption is the great inducement to invest in Government Stock; and Mr. McCulloch even estimates that the withdrawal of the privilege would raise the average rate of interest on Government bonds from 5½ to 8 per cent. Nothing less than an Income-tax of about 50 per cent. ought to produce so large an effect; and reluctant as he is to do so, it is probable that he will find himself compelled by Congress to exact the payment of taxes from every owner of property, whether he may have invested in five-twenties or any other security.

If the ends proposed by the Report seem to us less easily attained than Mr. McCulloch hopes, or affects to hope, there is at least no attempt to disguise the real conditions of the problem. The debt, we are truly enough told, can only be paid by increasing the national revenue beyond the national expenditure; and we know in England how impossible it is for any Ministry, rejoicing in a surplus, to avoid a reduction of taxation when it is demanded in preference to the extinction of debt. A cry of this kind is the more formidable, because it is wholly unfounded in reason; but whether it may be right or wrong, the application of a large annual surplus to the payment of debt must depend on the willingness of the Americans to bear in perpetuity the burdens to which they reluctantly submitted as a means of purchasing victory. Few persons out of America will believe that the debt is destined ever to be paid off, or substantially reduced; but the interest may, and perhaps will, be paid, and the pressure of the requisite taxation will become lighter as every year adds to the population and wealth of the Republic. It is well that Mr. McCulloch's ideal should be a little beyond the limits of possibility. A lofty aim will help him in the arduous task of reconciling a people, many of whom have chosen America as their home in order to escape taxation, to fiscal burdens which were unknown even in the England of GEORGE III. Even failure in such an attempt will not be a disgrace, and success would raise the American character to a level of self-sacrifice which it has not hitherto been supposed to have reached. Mr. McCulloch will have the sympathies of every Bourse enlisted on his side; and if he should ultimately re-establish the financial credit of his country, he will have conferred a permanent benefit on the Old no less than on the New World.

#### LORD GRANVILLE'S VIRTUE REWARDED.

IT is a comfort now and then to find sterling unaided worth meeting with its just reward in this fallen world. People complain, and perhaps not altogether without reason, that, in the political world particularly, industry and genius and patriotic self-denial are too often found wanting when weighed in the balance against the accidents of birth and private connection. The man of worth gets all the praise, and the man with blue blood all the pudding. After all, how could the mediocre man of birth get on in the world if it were not for this? One must live. He cannot dig, but to beg he is not ashamed. His only chance lies in the recognition of ancestral claims. Still, it is refreshing to know that noblemen and Whigs do sometimes honestly earn the dignities to which they have a very fair chance of being promoted, whether they earn them or not. There are some honours in the State which have been traditionally reserved for those who have done the State distinguished service. They are commonly conferred upon public men of as heroic size as the standard of the day permits. Their holders are supposed to be of the historic rank. Of course the standard varies, just as it does in the army. If you cannot get heroes of six feet, you must take five feet ten. Among these dignified offices that of Warden of the Cinque Ports stands foremost. It was the crowning honour of the late Premier. It has been held by Wellington and by Pitt. And who shall say that we are fallen upon an age of pigmies, or that statesmen are not what they once were? If our boastful ancestors may vaunt their Pitts and their Wellingtons, can we not point with conscious pride to our Granville? For it is he whom the bestowers of office have delighted to honour. They have looked round the kingdom, and found none towering so loftily above his fellows as the President of the Council. He is the flower of all English statesmen, diplomatists, heroes, and Whigs. The force of nature can no further go. To rear, and to elevate to supreme dignity, such a character is the consummate feat and crowning achievement of the British Constitution.

And indeed such an elevation was called for by the extraordinary and unparalleled circumstances of the time. Two Under-Secretaryships have just been given away to two gentlemen, of

very considerable ability and unwearied industry, it is true, but with no fragment of connection among the Revolution families. An Under-Secretaryship is not much to toss away among the masses, it may be admitted, but to bestow two at once becomes dangerous. There is really a smack of Republicanism in such a proceeding. Witness the cries of exultation with which so tremendous and unspeakable a boon has been received by a grateful but aspiring mob. Is it not giving them too much encouragement? When you have got a splendid image, with head and trunk of the most refined Whig gold—of Russells and Greys and Woods and Granvilles—is it not a sort of sacrilege to add feet of coarse plebeian clay? And this, too, at a time when Whiggism is in danger, and when the tame Titan who is at present sitting peaceably enough among the Olympians may at any moment break out into fierce rebellion, and incontinently shatter the image of gold and clay to atoms. The guardians of the Whig citadel may well be anxious. Their lot has fallen in ticklish times and slippery places. They are in sore need of comfort and reinforcement; perhaps they may receive some assurance from the good fortune which has overtaken one of their most eminent brethren. Lord Granville, as we were told on an auspicious occasion a few weeks ago, is closely connected with no fewer than eight families each of which has its head in the House of Lords. If incredible and splendid merit such as this ought not to have the vacant dignity, there can be no moral government of the universe. Why, Pitt was only connected with one great Whig family, and Wellington with none at all. If the shades of the great Captain and the great Statesman ever revisit the old haunts at Walmer, and arrogantly wonder by what dark inscrutable fate the mantle which they once wore has fallen upon Earl Granville's shoulders, let them remember his eight old families, and shrink back into the obscure gloom. Is not a living dog better than ever so many dead lions? And perhaps misgivings may seize even the fortunate Lord Warden himself. With the humility and diffidence so peculiarly characteristic of his order, he too may wonder what he has done to get such honour and glory. The fly itself, one would suppose, might now and then spend a spare hour in perplexing its bit of brain as to how it ever got into the amber. So the new Warden may have his pensive moments. Walmer is but a dull place, and the splash of the sea outside the Castle walls is wonderfully suggestive of human weakness and the vanity of life. As he feels the laurel leaves around his brows, he may now and again ponder the mystery how they ever came there. Vanish such futile doubts! Let him count over the eight old families on the tips of his fingers, and take heart. Jack Horner himself had no more just ground of self-gratulation than Earl Granville has over his Christmas-pie.

But Earl Granville has other claims besides this—claims which he need not blush to have compared with those of the mightiest of his predecessors. Times change, and the wants of one age are not those of another. A great general would be superfluous at present. The era is that of non-intervention. A great statesman would be just as superfluous. We have reached political perfection. Our exports and imports are of unparalleled magnitude; the revenue is overflowing; taxes are being reduced and abolished every year; bad laws have all vanished, and no good law is left out. If Pitt were living now, he would find his occupation gone. True, we have a million of paupers, more or less; our trades are constantly being paralysed by strikes; some of them are conducted in a way which make humanity shudder; and the provisions for public education are despicable in their inefficiency. But all this is of trifling consequence. The real business of the day is to organize plenty of big bazaars; only of course they are not called Big Bazaars, but International Industrial Expositions. The care of the modern saviour of his country is not that the State should suffer no detriment, but that Exhibitions should be got up. Let Exhibitions enough only be organized, then *ruat cælum*. It is Earl Granville's prime merit, his title to a place in his country's never-dying esteem and gratitude, that he has understood this. He began to fetch and carry in connection with the Exhibition of 1851; circumstances made him the most conspicuous actor in that of 1862; and we don't doubt that he is at this moment revolving some superb project of the same kind for 1873. What is the fame of Wellington to this? Wellington was only the means of saving Europe. Lord Granville has been the means of creating South Kensington. The difficulty of baffling Napoleon was as nothing compared with the difficulty of getting the House of Commons cajoled. Wellington showed his genius in manœuvring troops. But Lord Granville has shown a genius not less worthy of our admiration, in marshalling long processions of rustic mayors and town-clerks, in devising all manner of pretexts for inaugurations preliminary and inaugurations actual, for grand opening ceremonies and grand closing ceremonies, for erecting statues and uncovering statues, for awarding certificates of prizes, and for distributing the prizes themselves. All the glorious pomp and circumstance of war fade shabbily away before the glorious pomp and circumstance of peace. The hero of a hundred fights is an insignificant person by the side of the hero of two Exhibitions and a thousand processions.

Then, again, why should Pitt be too rashly elevated above his successor? One of Pitt's proudest feats was the Sinking Fund. Surely Lord Granville, when he was a party to the plot for foisting so much costly trumpery at South Kensington on the nation, meant to perform the same kindness for the tax-payers; only in his case the sinking would have gone on for ever without visible relief or advantage in any other way. Then Pitt sent forth the flames of horrid war over

Europe. Lord Granville is the messenger of peace. As we have so repeatedly been told, the opening of an Exhibition is the closing of the temple—they really mean the gate—of Janus. This sounds delightful; but it is worth remembering that there has been nothing but strife and bloodshed on the earth ever since the auspicious year of the first Exhibition. It is only fourteen years ago, and in the interval there has been a Russian war, an Italian war, an American war, and a Danish war. But, of course, none of this is the fault of Earl Granville, emphatically as the newspapers call him, "that amiable nobleman." He has done his best. If conversations and fêtes and inaugurations could have set the world to rights, he would have been the greatest benefactor of his species that ever lived. If the way to the Cinque Ports, like that of a more inclement spot, be paved with good intentions, perhaps Lord Granville has as much right to be there as anybody else. Only it will effect a slight change in the character of the office. For the future it will belong, not to vigorous and successful statesmen, but to mild mediocrities who meant to be vigorous, and tried to be successful, but failed in both respects. Perhaps, though, by the time the office is again vacant, the reign of the mild mediocrities will be at an end.

#### CHRISTMAS PLEASURES.

THE cattle disease has gone, as we all know, to great lengths, and the roast beef of Old England has been for some time seriously in danger, but it must be a pleasure to every well-conditioned mind to think that the cattle disease has not got among the Christmas turkeys. Geese, like donkeys, are probably beyond the reach of it. The lions of the Zoological may have been threatened; but geese and donkeys, judging from our experience of things, are destined to be more successful and fortunate in this world than lions. It is, however, a real and unlooked-for consolation to be able to reflect that the turkey is safe and untouched by harm. It may therefore be presumed that, in spite of plague and pestilence in the farmyard, Christmas will be kept with all the usual solemnities and cheer. If the evidence of our Christian senses is to be believed, even Jews feel the softening influences of the season. The wanderer through the streets of London this week has probably been edified and amused to see some of the finest joints and the finest poultry labelled from the seat of a prince among Hebrew merchants; and when one comes to reflect upon it, it is pleasing to think that even Mr. Alderman Salomons or Baron Rothschild need not, unless they choose it, pass an altogether cheerless Christmas evening. Not even the most orthodox of the Bishops wishes them to do so. The great charm of the festival is that it makes us feel friendly both to the most opulent and most heretical of our species; and if the Zulu, who has been the cause of so much discomfort to the Church of England, can conscientiously bring himself to partake of plum-pudding, it is not wicked to hope that he may be able both to enjoy and to digest it. It is no doubt a considerable misfortune that the delicacies which belong to the season are so indigestible. But if there ever is a time when the human digestion rises with the emergency, and performs unexpected and almost miraculous wonders, it is perhaps at this one particular occasion. Unless imagination and romance came to the rescue and assisted us, most people would possibly tremble at the prospect of devouring the fare of which religion and custom bid us during the coming week to partake. Every person of ripe years knows this, and various fictions have been invented for the express purpose of nerving us to achieve the feat. The mince-pie, which is perhaps the most formidable difficulty, has been taken under the special patronage of woman. Those who instinctively shudder at the thought of venturing upon the unknown mysteries which mince-pies contain are spirited on by the feminine legend that matrimonial happiness lurks inside it; and when English ladies lead the way, English gentlemen, at any risk of future misery, are naturally compelled to follow. And even if Christmas eatables, considered from the point of view of health, must be admitted to be unsatisfactory, it is a comfort to remember how many there are in every domestic circle who thoroughly appreciate them. Half of the pleasure of Christmas consists in the thought of the happiness of young people. Even if sober years have led us to the conclusion that mince-pies and plum-pudding are not an unalloyed delight, it is a good deal to know that English boys and girls relish the luscious mixture with perfect and simple enthusiasm. As the world goes on, one illusion after another breaks down; and life would be more or less a melancholy affair if we were not able to fall back upon our old reminiscences, and to refresh ourselves by the sight of the illusions of those who are younger and more impressionable than ourselves. Christmas is the great occasion on which we are trained to do this. When we see English children absorbed in the observation of snapdragon and mince-pie, our memories become fresh and green, and, at all events for the moment, we are able to throw ourselves into the unwholesome pleasures by proxy. Life does not seem so very barren if we reflect on the young tribe who still are in the happy stage when a pantomime seems a fairy land, and a mince-pie and a Christmas-tree the most enchanting of amusements.

The fact that it is by proxy that large numbers of people keep Christmas tends to preserve old fashions which otherwise would soon disappear. The English are often reproached with turning every sort of celebration into a feast. The general idea abroad is



that, when an Englishman wishes to be charitable, or to show an interest in politics, or to prove his appreciation of a hero, he has to eat and drink himself up to the mark, and that it is chiefly after dinner that his heart begins to expand. Anybody who has taken the trouble to go through the amazing process of watching a foreigner at his meals will probably soon come to the conclusion that voracity does not confine itself to this side of the Channel. A thoroughly determined German at his breakfast would soon drive ordinary Britons to despair. Nothing is more astounding than the facility with which he ships his various courses, except, of course, the ease with which a National-School boy at a rustic *fête champêtre* takes in a cargo of penny buns. The reason that the Briton prefers to combine his charitable or his political commemorations with plenty of provisions is not so much that he has to feed himself into a good humour before he can make up his mind to be enthusiastic, as that he likes the idea of openhandedness and liberality which is suggested by good cheer. The pleasure consists, not in the dishes, but in the train of associations which profusion brings. Many of the pleasures of Christmas are popular just for the same reason, and in the same way. The mistletoe, for instance, is acknowledged to be a favourite Christmas symbol, and is always so treated by Mr. Punch, and the artists and humourists of the day. No English gentleman of middle age wants to pretend that he would like to be allowed to rush about a drawing-room of the nineteenth century, kissing everybody, from his neighbour's wife down to his own country cousins. Promiscuous osculation is the last thing he dreams of in his wildest and most sociable dreams. But it adds a kind of charm to Christmas to feel that, if anybody were abandoned enough to care to kiss anybody else in public, this is the occasion, and there is the very tree under which the thing would have to be done. Plum-pudding, like the mistletoe, is not of much practical use to sober people of a certain age; but it adds a festive lustre to the evening to know that plum-pudding is on the table, and its presence agreeably reminds one of the jovial extravagances of childhood. If a man does not eat it himself, he can eat it by proxy in unlimited quantities, and without the necessity of expiating his folly afterwards. It is, no doubt, after a similar fashion that the Parisian at Christmas-time enjoys *bouillons*. Cracking blue and pink sugar-plums between his teeth cannot afford him any real satisfaction; but pink and blue sugar-plums please women, and pleasing women is one of the ways in which he is accustomed to make himself cheerful. The difference between English and French joviality consists very much in the difference between feeding women and feeding children; and what the former is to a good-tempered Gaul, the latter is to a good-tempered Anglo-Saxon. Women play, in a Frenchman's life, something of the part which children play in an Englishman's. They minister to his pleasure, and their gratification gives any little holiday merrymaking an air of comfort and serenity. The Englishman's plan, so far from being selfish, is the more unselfish of the two; for whereas his neighbour values the softer sex chiefly for what they give him, an Englishman values children for what he can, in his turn, give to them. And the associations and ideas connected with the merriment of children are a purer, more wholesome, and more permanent source of satisfaction. Thanks to the share which children take in the festivities of Christmas, an English Christmas is the means of binding a man firm and fast to the recollections of his old life. Business and dissipation carry people into a daily vortex of excitement, or trouble, or enjoyment, as the case may be. They become too absorbed in the moment to be able to survey life as a whole, or to enjoy the innocent pleasures of memory, or nature, or imagination. Once a year, at any rate, Christmas sets this right. From the shadow into which they have moved, they pause and look back, one evening in every December, on the sunshine they have left, and are forced to give themselves up to the observation of the young generation that is hurrying up at their side, and that is destined to sit in their places when they are gone.

Akin to the satisfaction inspired by the sight of happy children is the satisfaction inspired by the thought of happy snobs. An English poet with whom most of us are familiar, in expatiating on the delights of spring, winds up by describing the vernal fields as made gay by the gambols of many a happy ass. A happy ass is, after all, not a pleasanter sight than the sight of a happy snob. And if spring gives us the one, Christmas affords us certainly the other. This is what makes Mr. Dickens so eminently suitable for Christmas reading. Mr. Thackeray has told us a great deal about snobs. He has let us into the secret of their little miseries and their little meannesses; but nobody except Mr. Dickens can paint a snob as he appears when he is thoroughly and supremely happy. There is so much sadness in the world that we cannot afford to lose the spectacle. Philanthropic minds feel better and more genial when they think of the genuine pleasures of the being who passes a merry Christmas among eatables and drinkables, delighting his admiring female companions by the loudness of his merriment and the rude home-thrusts of his wit. Education and experience give us all something, but they also take something from us. They destroy our power of being genuinely pleased with rough and vulgar things, and cultivate our antipathies at the expense of our sympathies. Christmas comes round, if only at a long annual interval, and bids us for the nonce be sympathetic. Something, at any rate, is gained, if over a thousand Christmas fires many thousands of our species are known at one and the same moment to be absorbing gin-and-water with much satisfaction to themselves, and captivating many thousands of the other sex by homely and fantastic familiarities.

In spite of the dark side of things in general, there is usually a considerable amount of frolic and liveliness going on, if one knew exactly where to look for it. A weeping philosopher, if he wished for an hour or so to bid dull care begone, could not, for example, do better than turn his mind to the contemplation of the casual omnibus-conductor. At first sight, the omnibus-conductor appears to be a singularly unfortunate person. He is very poorly paid, he works harder than his own horses, and he is condemned all day and night to the exasperating occupation of carrying about in his pocket large sums of money which do not belong to him, and which it is embezzlement, if not petty larceny, to touch. Notwithstanding all these aggravating circumstances, omnibus conductors appear to the observant eye to be a cheery lot. Why omnibus conductors should be cheery, and hansom drivers should be gloomy, is one of those social mysteries on which no satisfactory light has ever been thrown, and which will probably remain insoluble to the day of judgment. It is possible that the frequent duty of driving about young noblemen exercises a depressing influence on the most healthy child of nature, and that continually setting people down at the doors of splendid mansions is more than the most Christian cabman can stand without collapsing in the long run. The habit of being constantly overpaid does not, we may rest assured, bring real happiness; and it may be true that the superiority of the omnibus professional is entirely due to the fact that no one has ever probably gone so far as to present an omnibus conductor with anything but his bare fare. The result, at all events, is, that next to the Parisian gamin the English omnibus-conductor seems to be the noisiest and merriest of mankind. If he carries into private life the social talents and the power of general conversation that he displays publicly upon the road, the many Christmas circles of which omnibus-conductors will be the life and soul ought to be lively enough. And when we think of the vast number of omnibus-conductors that there are in the world, it is a distinct pleasure to feel that several thousand Christmas gatherings will be sure of being enlivened with good boisterous, vulgar, happy fun. Nobody, as far as we are aware, has ever collected statistics upon the subject, and nobody, not even Mr. Chadwick, has ever read any paper on it, even before a Social Science Association. But we cannot be wrong in relying on omnibus-conductors to contribute a vast amount of general conviviality to the sum total of the Christmas conviviality of snobs; and the cynic to whom even Christmas is a bore need not be ashamed of thanking Heaven for having bestowed upon the London streets a race of wags so unwearyingly active, and so well-fitted to keep Christmas as it should be kept.

It is probable, if not certain, that the enjoyment of Christmas by the poor at large is very great; and if any philanthropist in London could be sure of producing every year as much happiness as is produced by a single goose-club, he might sit down contented to his Christmas feast. At this welcome season the Bumbles of the world are understood to relax, and workhouse paupers themselves are not excluded from the general joy. Yet, after all, the thought that there are so many people in the world to whom being helped twice to meat is a great and extraordinary event, though a thought that comes in the train of Christmas, is not otherwise than a gloomy one. It is quite right that it should come to us, if it only comes to us once a year. And if it comes to us in the middle of a Christmas banquet, it will do no harm. When all is calculated and weighed, the sum of the world's pleasures falls far short of the world's pain. Why it should be so is a problem as old as philosophy, and one which religion and Christianity can only feebly and inadequately solve. The pleasures of children, and the merriment of Christmas merry-makers, go far to make up the one side of the account. The other scale of the balance is weighed down by the innumerable cares and anxieties, the hunger, and the trouble and the weariness so rife among mankind, which seem all the darker for the one gleam that breaks over the prospect at Christmas-time. The waste of energy and life, and the waste of pain, with which the world is full, are far more than all the other waste of nature with which natural philosophers are so familiar. Christmas, and the events which Christmas is supposed to commemorate, are properly considered as so much gain; but, at the best, there is a leaven even in the idea of Christmas, and in the idea of Christmas pleasures, which sensible men never can forget, and which on occasions it befits them openly to recognise.

#### DELILAH.

IT is rather curious that the ingenious purveyors to the national vanity and conceit have forgotten to draw the usual moral from a case which is exciting the liveliest interest in Paris. As a rule, one never hears of anything desperately wicked taking place on the Continent without an accompanying pean upon English virtue and godliness. The atrocities of French vice and folly, which reach us generally in exaggerated echoes, all make so many pegs on which to hang up imaginary trophies of British morality and discretion. This may seem like getting good out of things evil; or perhaps our teachers act on Goethe's maxim, that if you would improve a man, you must affect to treat him as if he were already what you desire to make him. But the principle may easily be carried too far. The habit of taking for granted, as people do in nautical songs, that England is the only abode of the virtuous and the free, is more likely to engender Pharisaism than an increased devotion to virtue. The unfortunate lady who is at present the heroine and martyr of a

certain portion of Parisian society is by no means without humble counterparts in this land of freedom. "Living apart from her husband for some years, she has acquired a certain sort of celebrity from the number of lovers whose ruin she has consummated." At length, however, she went too far. By the exercise of undue influence, she caused a minor to run in debt, on her account, to the amount of between six and seven thousand pounds in a single year. "For this abuse of the passions and the weakness" of youth the Court had so little sympathy that she was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and the modest fine of a sovereign. Of course, she appealed, but up to the present time the appeal has been rejected; so poor Madame is still in prison, to the exceeding anger and amazement of all the upper circles of the *demi-monde*.

It might reasonably be inferred, from the violence with which a youth of rank was recently assailed in the newspapers for being so weak as to yield to the amorous aggressions of an exceptionally impudent woman, that the pathetic fate of George Barnwell has remained a potent and effective warning to all English lads ever since. Still there is some difficulty in believing that his elevated appeal—

Take heed of strumpets then,  
And their enticing trains;  
For by that means I have been brought  
To hang alive in chains—

has entirely put down the "passions and weakness of youth," or even prevented their abuse. It is not in France only that women acquire "a certain sort of celebrity," as the judge quaintly calls this lively notoriety, by "abusing the passions" of their lovers. True, the pitch of monstrous extravagance and indescribable folly which has been reached in Paris has been without a parallel anywhere else in the world. There, the reckless expensiveness of vice is its most striking feature. To ruin an imbecile of a lover is the most certain road to fame, as well as the surest means of entrapping other imbeciles who want to be ruined. We may suppose that the imbecile himself gets some fame. To be pointed at with the finger, *et dicier hic est*, is perhaps agreeable to a man of a certain stamp, even though all that can be said of him is that he was ruined by this or the other Delilah. But, at all events, one advantage will follow from all this. The notoriety of the avarice and heartlessness and malignity of these abominable Paphian harpies cannot but dispel the soft clouds of sentimental tenderness with which the glorification of the *Lady of the Camellias* invested them. The day for the delicate apotheosis of suffering beings has passed away. Six months' imprisonment stands fatally in the way of apotheosis. Even the ingenious writer who has made consumption a merit will scarcely be able to do the same with proved misdemeanours. So far, the present state of things is an improvement. Foolish youths know that the typical Traviata is not a gentle angel of goodness, but a creature with a hoarse voice and miserly temper, who ruins her lover and speculates upon the Bourse with the spoils, and stands a fair chance of being sent to the treadmill. In England people can be as vicious as in Paris, only without ruining themselves; and perhaps it may be thought that vice loses half its viciousness when it loses all its costliness. This is not a view, we fear, which is likely to find much favour with the moralist. Yet the dearth of vice may well strike an additional pang into the bosom of an anxious parent, when he knows that his son is not only wasting his health and deteriorating his character, but squandering his goods and reducing himself to beggary. If men insist on going wrong, it is at least desirable that they should go wrong in as few directions as possible. If they yield to the not very attractive wiles of the mercenary Delilah, they seriously aggravate the mischief by letting the creature run them into debt for six or seven thousand pounds in a twelvemonth. Yet, oddly enough, at the time when a little weak tattle was going on upon the subject in the newspapers, the economy of vice was rather flouted as being unfair. It seemed to the Belgravian Mother to deprive virtue of what she had apparently been considering its solitary but undoubted advantage. The cheapness of informal domesticity was considered to be downright offensive. The intrusion of weekly bills and a strict scrutiny of accounts into illicit housekeeping appeared to be of the nature of an impertinence and an incongruity. If the lady were to imitate the example of her Parisian sister, and plunge her victim into an abyss of expenditure from which he might be only too thankful to emerge with the aid of a Belgravian daughter, she would have deserved well of her country. Perhaps, though, her country does not deserve particularly well of her.

After all, as somebody has well said, there is so much human nature in the world! And, so long as the supply remains undiminished, youth will have its passions and its weaknesses. It is a question how far the studious reticence which is observed about them tends to cure the mischief, and whether the zeal with which his passions are ignored does not in some measure hinder a lad from making as good fight against them as he might have done if he had been warned. We are not now speaking of a public reticence about vice. Of the evil which flows from the Puritanic and indefensible obstinacy that refuses to recognise the existence of a certain form of immorality, there can be no dispute in the mind of anybody capable of honest thought. The folly of not acknowledging a set of facts that stare you in the face in half the streets of London, and the effects of which are physically so disastrous, need not be insisted upon. It is a subject on which all the substantial argument is on the one side, while all prejudice and tradition and sentimental feeling are on the other; and of course the argument must lose the day, until a change of feeling in some

other subject incidentally affects this as well. But though the cowardice of the State is patent and most gross, the cowardice of parents is a matter which raises many more delicate considerations. The State cannot be justified in shutting its eyes to the social pest which stalks abroad in the streets, but the case of the parent who shuts his eyes to the growth of passion in his son is not quite identical. Yet there is a good deal of irrelevant stuff talked which implies rather a desire to shirk a possible responsibility than honestly to ascertain whether it be a responsibility. The greatest reverence is due to youth, people say. So it is, but it is slightly questionable whether you are showing your reverence for youth by allowing a lad to encounter all the temptations of his age, and plunge into the "mud-bath" without a word of warning or direction. If it were quite certain that his nature would never be conscious of this particular passion, silence about it would probably be the most efficient form of reverence. But there is no certainty of this sort. Then, again, people urge that in this, as in other things, lads must find out the world for themselves; that a father cannot pretend to fight his son's battles for him, or to shield him from the evils of the world, and that it would be a very bad thing if he could. Of course it would. Only there is a difference. The blunders to which a lad is exposed upon entering life in an ordinary way are comparatively very trifling, and they remedy themselves. If he is presumptuous, he gets snubbed. If he is inclined to extravagance, he finds himself pinched and duned. If he is indolent, he soon discovers that he is being outstripped. But in the case of his passions, the penalty may be wholly disproportionate to the guilt, and very possibly it may, in a variety of ways, not only not act as its own remedy, but prove a sort of additional evil and degradation. Before Lord Hardwicke's "Marriage Act" was passed, when it was uncertain what really constituted a legal marriage, youthful squires used to come up to London and find themselves tied for life to some infamous wretch, almost without knowing it. This is not a peril to which the youthful squires of to-day are exposed; but there are others not a bit less disagreeable. It is only a few infatuated fools, such as occasionally appear in the law courts, who fall into overt snares. But, as everybody knows, there is no end of the secret pitfalls of all sorts which await youth and inexperience; and it is not fair that youth should be allowed to go among them without some sort of monition. The consequence of such ill-judged reserve is, that boys come into the presence of evil without knowing anything about it, except what they may have evolved out of the human consciousness by discussion with others as ignorant as themselves. If George Barnwell's master had taken the trouble to warn him, in a dozen words, that Mrs. Sarah Millwood was a wicked greedy wanton, who would be his undoing, the unhappy wight would probably not have murdered his uncle. This, however, is the one point on which youth gets no benefit from the experience and knowledge of the world possessed by its elders. Polonius advises Laertes to beware of entrance to a quarrel, and in other respects warns him how to quit himself; but Shakspeare was quite true to life, as well as regardful of stage decorum, when he made the sage say not a word about a kind of friendship which is often worse than the bitterest quarrel. Yet, by the way, both Polonius and Laertes took care to give an uncommonly plain-spoken warning to Ophelia. But, in truth, a detached injunction goes a very little way. It sounds conventional, and is not at all likely to sink far in. A habit of looking at the matter with a frank manliness is the thing to be cultivated. This is very different from an indelicate grossness, just as it is from the stupid reticence about things which owe their importance only to the fact that they are always kept strictly veiled. As it is, lads are virtually taught only that human nature is a horrible mischief, and not how to control its excesses. Fathers are apt to treat their sons too much in the fashion in which girls are treated at a boarding-school. Nothing can be imagined more revolting than coarse talk in such a relation; but there is no resemblance between coarse talk and a manly instruction. It does not at all follow, because we never hear in England of Delilah being sent to gaol for ruining a lad of twenty, that there are no other misfortunes which this manly instruction might obviate. People do not quench passions and curiosity by pretending to think that they do not exist.

#### COLONIAL DIFFICULTIES.

THE Colonial Minister has much reason to rejoice in the establishment of the modern doctrine that dependencies inhabited by Englishmen must be allowed to manage their own affairs. The satellites which are gradually detaching themselves from the central sphere still move in the constitutional orbit, but they are subject to unaccountable aberrations. The colony of Victoria is trying, for the benefit of constitutional analysts, the curious question whether a House of Commons could coexist with a non-hereditary House of Lords, in the absence of any feeling of respect on either side which could inspire mutual deference. New Zealand, in an amphibious condition between peace and war with the natives, demands the exclusive right and duty of providing its own military force, and dismisses a Ministry for proposing the taxes which are required to meet the additional expense. Mr. Cardwell's announcement that no Imperial guarantee will be available to secure future loans has been received with creditable equanimity. All parties in New Zealand are dissatisfied with General Cameron's conduct of the recent campaigns, and Sir George Grey has recovered a little



of his former popularity in consequence of his rupture with the Commander of the Forces. It is possible that there may be sufficient military reasons for the cautious strategy which has undoubtedly encouraged native audacity; but it is not surprising that the colonists believe that they could manage the war better themselves. An officer of the regular army serving in a distant part of the Empire necessarily occupies in some degree the position of an independent auxiliary; and his duty to his own Government and to the troops under his command may, in his own opinion, frequently conflict with his deference to the requests or orders of local authorities. Although it is not for a soldier, in ordinary cases, to judge of the merits of a quarrel, the zeal of a General in colonial service is not unlikely to vary with his appreciation of the justice of his cause. There is no reason to doubt General Cameron's professional qualifications, or his desire to perform his duty, but for a considerable time he has differed from the Governor and the Ministry as to the management, and perhaps as to the object, of the war. When the subject has been discussed in Parliament, all the parties in New Zealand have been represented by their respective advocates, and the Colonial Office has, on the whole, been urged to maintain the independent action of its own civil and military agents. The withdrawal of the troops from the colony will simplify Mr. Cardwell's duties, though it will perceptibly relax the connection between New Zealand and the Crown.

The present state of New Zealand cannot be thoroughly understood without perfect knowledge of the geography and politics of the islands. Peace has been proclaimed, and war has about the same time been resumed; nor is it perfectly clear whether the Maori friends and enemies of the Colonial Government are in all cases distinguishable. Mr. Fitzgerald, lately Minister for Native Affairs, explains the Peace proclamation by the statement that some of the tribes are willing to abstain from hostilities if they are assured against aggression on the part of the settlers. In other districts of the colony, friendly and hostile natives appear to be mixed together, and the most inveterate opponents of English supremacy have generally adopted the barbarous superstition of the Hau-haus. On the East coast 1,000 loyal natives are engaged against the fanatics, who are sealing their own doom, and possibly ruining the prospects of their race. The real difficulty is, not to defeat or to destroy the Maoris, but to induce them to live under English laws and to relinquish their projects of separate independence. When tribes which had been ostensibly converted relapse into heathenism and cannibalism, their disappearance raises only a question of time. Mr. Fitzgerald, the friend and protector of the natives, calmly expresses his conviction that, "from Taranaki to Wangunui, the Taranaki and Ngatiruanui must be destroyed. They have always been cruel and treacherous, and the last two horrid murders, in which they invited men to bring the proclamation of peace to them and then murdered them, seals their doom. They are few in number, thank God." If they were many in number their destiny would be the same. Benevolent persons at home who undertake the protection of aboriginal races must sometimes be driven to despair by the incurable perversity of their clients. European settlers are sometimes tyrannical, but natives are at the mercy of impostors. The answer to the exhortations of Exeter Hall is rendered by necromantic buffoons, who deduce false prophecies from the bones of murdered Englishmen, and preach a gospel compounded of scraps of the Old Testament and of their own savage traditions. The Colonial Parliament appears honestly to desire the reclamation of that part of the Maori population which is willing to abide by civilized customs. A Commission is to report on the means of representing the natives in the Assembly, and the property of the Maoris is to be protected by English law. The concession, if it becomes operation, involves the relinquishment on the part of the natives of their own claim to separate territory and to tribal proprietorship. If they are wise enough to become Englishmen, they may survive by absorption in the mass of the superior race, as many old European tribes merged themselves, to their own great advantage, in the body of the Roman Empire.

When Mr. Cardwell has for the time disposed of the most pressing questions relating to New Zealand, he may seek recreation in correspondence with the Government of Victoria. The dead-lock of the Constitution still continues, unless, indeed, it has been relieved or picked by the illegal device of the Governor and the Ministry, who have borrowed half a million from a bank on their own authority. The irregularity of the measure is admitted in the very contrivance by which a direct breach of the law is nominally evaded. The Government owns its inability to pledge the credit of the colony; but it is bound to pay its debts, and consequently it acknowledges judgment in a series of collusive actions brought by a friendly banker to recover advances. If the King of Prussia and his Minister were driven to adopt similar plans to evade applications to their Parliament, all the supporters of constitutional liberty would declare that the trick was more discreditable than open defiance of law. It is much safer, and, on the whole, it is perhaps less culpable, to disregard the rights of a Legislative Council in favour of the claims of an Assembly; but the Home Government will scarcely approve of a deliberate usurpation of power to assist one of two contending factions. Whatever may be the respective privileges of the two branches of the Legislature, it is certain that no valid Act can be passed without the concurrence of both bodies. Taxes are now levied in virtue of mere resolutions of the Assembly, and other duties have been remitted

on the same authority. In imitation of the Protectionists of America, the colonial opponents of Free-trade, who control the Assembly, are disposed to reduce the taxes on those imports which find no indigenous competition. The duties on tea, on sugar, and on opium, having thus been reduced by vote of the Assembly, importers were required to deposit security for payment of the full amount if it should be afterwards required by law. The Commissioner of Customs, however, has issued notice that deposits will be no longer required, or, in other words, that the Government has resolved practically to supersede the legitimate functions of the Legislative Council. Arbitrary power, exercised by a democracy for the discouragement of Free-trade, would embarrass some popular reformers in England, if they were in the habit of troubling themselves with the results of experience.

The technical dispute between the two Houses becomes more and more closely identified with the conflict between the educated classes and the bulk of the people. The merchants, bankers, and lawyers of Melbourne have, by large majorities, disapproved of the conduct of the Government; and, on the other hand, public meetings in different parts of the country have applauded the partisanship of the Governor and his advisers, and the encroachments of the Assembly. Votes of thanks to a bank manager for his noble and patriotic conduct in lending the money of his employers suggest doubts as to the security of the borrowers. Banks have no business with patriotism, especially when it is opposed to law; and if a new Assembly contained a majority of the present Opposition, the Chartered Bank might find reason to regret its complicity in the irregularities of the Government. A general election, however, would probably strengthen the democratic or Protectionist party, and the traditional English belief that the House of Commons is supreme will assist the eventual triumph of the Assembly over the Council. The more numerous body, encouraged by the countenance of the Government and by its own popularity, has determined that its dignity would not permit the reference of the dispute to the Judicial Committee of Privy Council; and the Colonial Secretary has no means of interfering, except by recalling a Governor who has certainly given a new and wide interpretation to the duties and powers of his office. In Australia and New Zealand, as in Canada, English colonists must discover for themselves how far institutions which are inevitably democratic require the restraint of a strong executive power. The spirit of the English Constitution evaporates during exportation into countries where there is no powerful minority to repress innovation. All the great colonies seem likely to follow the example of the United States in taxing consumers for the benefit of certain classes of producers, and incidentally for the discouragement of foreign trade. Hereafter they will perhaps discover the mistake, which was more easily exploded in England because the opponents of Free-trade were at the same time the objects of popular jealousy. The Legislative Council of Victoria has law and economic principle on its side, but in the present struggle it will almost certainly be defeated.

#### OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ROWING.

THE rowing of the past term at Oxford and Cambridge may justify some speculation as to the probable result of the contest at Easter. The trial eights generally include the most promising candidates for the vacant places in the University crews. Now all the critics agree in asserting that the race at Oxford this year was unusually good, and that at Cambridge worse than the average. After making every allowance for the disposition, from which rowing critics are not more exempt than other mortals, to see the faults of the side that is out of favour, we fear that it must be assumed that Cambridge rowing is still without much promise. This is in every way to be regretted. There was a marked improvement last year, which gave hopes of a return to the days of closer contests. If these hopes should be disappointed, and we should have another exhibition of runaway racing, the Cambridge undergraduates would be in danger of hopeless demoralization. There is, however, still time enough to secure a better result. If the authorities of the University Boat Club do their best, the struggle may at worst resemble that of two race-horses, and not one between a race-horse and a cart-horse. From some of the remedies, however, that have been suggested, we have fears that they are not yet on the right track. For the last three or four years, various changes have been made at Cambridge in the system of rowing and boat-racing, and all kinds of suggestions have been thrown out. Much as a gentleman attributes his headache to the salmon, to the soda-water, or to the last cigar, the Cambridge oarsmen have been attributing their defeats to every imaginable cause, however trivial; and yet the true cause is very simple and well-known, and, if they had directed all their efforts towards removing it, must have disappeared, or been diminished, before this time. Before speaking of it, we will notice one or two of the other remedies that have been suggested. They are all, as it seems to us, quite insufficient, and even hurtful, so far as they distract attention from the most effective line of policy. It has been suggested, for example, that the crews were not fairly chosen—that there was an undue preference of Trinity men or of old Etonians. This accusation was shown to be totally groundless, and, we are glad to say, has had little currency, for the worst of all symptoms is that men should begin to quarrel amongst themselves. Another set of excuses bears upon the

relative numbers at Oxford and Cambridge. Recent changes at Cambridge have enabled "Poll-men" to take their degree in nine terms, or less than three years. Now a man who learns to row for the first time at the University very often does not distinguish himself on the river till the end of his second or his third year. Under the old system, the best oars in the crew were generally those who were in their fourth year. Of many of these Cambridge is now undoubtedly deprived, and this premature cutting short of the career of her best oarsmen renders it more difficult to keep up rowing traditions. There is a greater chance that the old style may die out. In consequence of such considerations, it has been proposed by Cambridge to limit the number of terms during which a man is to be allowed to row in the University race; to stipulate, for example, that men of neither University are to row more than four years after their matriculation. To this, however, we hope that Oxford will not consent. Cambridge has probably more undergraduates in residence, although we cannot give the exact figures. The number of matriculations at Oxford, in 1864, was 476; and the number of B.A. degrees, 324, as appears from the Calendar. At Cambridge, in the same year, the number of matriculations was a little over 500, and the number of B.A. degrees nearly 400. Hence the greater length of residence of Oxford may be considered to be compensated by the greater number of undergraduates at Cambridge. All arbitrary restrictions are undesirable. It is enough to insist upon *bona fide* residence; and no system of handicapping would really make the difference desired. It would cut off one or two good men from Oxford crews; but it would not alter the style of rowing, so long as the older oars continued to give their assistance as models and trainers. Now, it has been abundantly evident that in the late races (with the exception of last year's) Oxford could easily have given away two or three men, and filled their places from other College crews, without risk of defeat. Moreover, it is more desirable to improve Cambridge than to damage Oxford crews. We may notice one other remedy, which seems to us equally objectionable. It has actually been proposed to alter the Cambridge river—to do away with "Grassy Corner," and make a straight canal from the *Plough* to the "first-post." There is no doubt that the sluggish water of the Cam tells against Cambridge rowing, and that the sharp corners have certain disadvantages. But we cannot believe that there would be any gain at all proportionate to the expense. Against this, as against other proposals, there is the conclusive consideration that, six or seven years ago, Cambridge rowing was as good as the very best that could be brought against it; and it was learnt on just the same river which is now said to be the cause of the falling-off. No one who remembers the University crews to which Mr. Hall rowed stroke, or the First Trinity Crew which Mr. Royds took to the head of the river, will believe that rowing must necessarily be bad on the Cam, on account of the corners. To say that rowing can't be learnt on the Cam is as absurd as to say that hunting can't be learnt out of Leicestershire. Other counties may not be so favourable to the sport, but the thing has been done, and can be done, in them, as everybody knows.

Leaving these and other equally wild proposals, let us come to the genuine origin of the evil. No one who has seen the last five races can have much doubt as to the immediate cause of Cambridge defeats. Her last victory was won, after a fine race, in 1860. In 1861, Cambridge lost, with a crew which still possessed all other elements of success, but which was insufficiently trained. In the next two years, 1862 and 1863, whatever other causes may have contributed, the physique of the Cambridge crews was manifestly inferior to that of their opponents. In the first of those years they must have averaged at least a stone lighter, and in the second, two or three inches shorter, than their rivals. With such odds, victory was almost hopeless. But in the last two years, 1864 and 1865, no such difference existed. The advantage of either side in strength was inconsiderable, and such as a very little difference in skill might counterbalance. On the first occasion, Cambridge were beaten from the first hundred yards; in the second, after a very gallant race, they were rowed to a complete standstill a mile short of the winning-post. The moral of this seems to be obvious. It disposes at once of all the excuses bearing upon the difficulty of getting men. To whatever disadvantages Cambridge may be subjected in choosing her men, she can still manage to bring together a crew equal in physical excellence to their opponents. In former times, this was enough to ensure a good race. The defeats suffered were only when some accident had prevented a crew from being up to the average in point of actual strength. But that was when both crews knew equally well how to row. It is quite evident that Cambridge men at present do not possess that knowledge. Their strength is expended in pressing the boat down into the water, or in jerking themselves up to their oars, or in rolling from one side to the other, or in rowing through the air; but it is not directed, as their mathematics should teach them to direct it, towards propelling the boat along the surface. Now it would be just as well if, before proposing half a dozen different ways of avoiding future disaster, they would try the simple one of learning how to row. To modify slightly an old proverb for their benefit, it is generally a bad oarsman that complains of his boat, but invariably a bad one that complains of his river. Their faults have been so constantly pointed out, and must be so well known to them, that it is disheartening to see them propose every remedy except that of getting rid of their faults.

We are not about to discuss the question of the causes which led to such a falling-off in the Cambridge style. The fact of the falling-off is undeniable, but it would only be re-opening certain personal controversies to attempt to account for it. When, however, the tradition of good rowing has once been broken, it is, we must admit, extremely difficult to restore it. Rowing, like virtue, is much better taught by example than by precept. It is very easy to give a man any of those little bits of advice which we hear so often shouted by enthusiastic trainers of youth. "Catch the beginning," "put your back into it," and other exhortations showing a more refined knowledge of the art, are useful in their way. But they are much like telling a boy to be industrious and to speak the truth; he does not even know what is meant, till he sees his preceptor practising his own maxims. In the same way, a man will learn more about rowing by sitting for five minutes behind an accomplished oarsman, and trying to imitate his action, than by five hours' preaching. Now in Cambridge there has been, for a time, an almost complete absence of good examples. A sculptor would not produce a good statue of an athlete who should take for his model, not a real performer, but the clumsy attempts of an amateur evolving the appropriate attitudes of a boxer or a quoit-thrower out of his own consciousness. And it has been quite melancholy to see splendid young men imitating the jerks and contortions and clumsy tricks of their predecessors, under the impression that they were learning rowing. The occasional well-meant lessons of old practical professors of the art have been quite worthless in presence of this disturbing influence. Rowing has almost become a lost art, and, with bad examples constantly before their eyes, it has been very difficult for a purer school to arise. Mere theoretical advice was helpless.

We entertain, however, some hopes of better things. There are, at last, some men who certainly understand the art at Cambridge. The amateur champion of the Thames must know something about the propulsion of boats through water, although his stroke was scarcely what might have been expected from so finished a sculler. Mr. Griffiths, again, has shown that Cambridge men could still win a four-oared race at Henley, and he will probably be the stroke of next year's crew, as he was one of the best men in last year's. The two other old University oars who are mentioned as likely to row are both less marked with the characteristic fault of Cambridge rowing than their colleagues. If, therefore, pains are taken to form the style of the new men by assiduous practice upon the best existing models, we may still see a crew worth looking at. By concentrating the attention of rowing men at Cambridge upon improvement of the style rather than upon any extraneous modes of extrication from their difficulties, some progress will inevitably follow in time, with due patience.

#### LONDON IMPROVEMENTS AND GOVERNMENT.

IT seems as though at last the poet's prophecy were receiving its tardy fulfilment. London is at last attempting to retrieve its long arrears of neglected duty. Public spirit, or the last necessity of the case, recognises its obligation to

Bid Harbours open, public Ways extend,  
Bid Temples, worthier of the God, ascend;  
Bid the broad Arch the dangerous flood contain,  
The Mole projected break the roaring main;  
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,  
And roll obedient Rivers through the land:  
These honours peace to happy Britain brings,  
These are Imperial works, and worthy Kings.

Only our kings are Sir John Thwaites and his companions, Parliamentary Commissions, and Boards of Works; and we leave to Imperial minds and Imperial men across the Channel the Imperial work of creating a new capital at a single stroke. Still, on the whole, though it is not given to us to enjoy the mild sway of a Hausman, we may with some mild satisfaction survey the less ambitious successes of a Thwaites. Our municipal, like our constitutional, reforms are conducted on the old—Anglo-Saxon, we suppose—principle of instalments. Our improvements are very fragmentary, our legislation of the familiar bit-by-bit kind. We never think of an improvement till we have had the most ample and convincing proof of an intolerable evil. What, however, we lose in system and scientific arrangement we perhaps save in avoiding unnecessary and premature cost. However much some people may be disposed to admire the symmetry of Parisian improvements—and we do not claim to rank ourselves among those admirers—it is unquestionable that much has been done, and immense burdens thrown on a single generation of owners and occupiers, which are either needless or premature, or both. Nobody can charge us in London with innovating, except under the last and direct necessity of self-preservation. The Annual Report of the Metropolitan Board of Works has been drawn up, and it forms a fair commentary on our method of dealing with evils which have only not arrived at that proverbial pitch at which they and their remedies are equally intolerable. Not that it is with anything like complacency that we open our purses, nor is it with anything as yet approaching to the satisfaction of a success that we audit the heaviest item of Sir John Thwaites's little bill. The Main Drainage scheme can only be tested by its completion, and its completion must be delayed till the Thames Embankment is finished; and embankments are among the slowest of achievements, because they are necessarily of the most solid character. But, whatever may be the result of the present interception of the metropolitan sewage and its absorption into the Thames half way



down the river, we have made, at the very worst, a great advance, and we have travelled at least one half of the way to success. We hesitate to pronounce confidently on the matter at present. The Thames does not look much more silvery than it did in the days of the Parliamentary panic; the diversion of five-sixths of the sewage has certainly not reduced the blackness of the river at London Bridge by five-sixths; and though we have heard of an adventurous dace being caught somewhere near Blackfriars, the chances of the Thames being again a salmon river are not very promising. If, however, the expenditure of four millions of money and more can take the sewage of London twenty or thirty miles into Essex, we shall have some means of judging what it will cost to eject it into the German Ocean. Meantime, a suspicion presents itself that we have done too much or too little. A lease has been taken of the Northern sewage; if this scheme shall turn out to be a success, it will prove that there was no occasion to take the sewage so far afield, and then we have done too much. If it fails, it may reasonably be doubted whether we have done enough, by allowing the Thames at any point to be the receptacle of filth.

The Metropolitan Board, however, can scarcely be said to be responsible for a success, or a failure, which is at present problematical. They only had to carry out a course dictated to them. As regards the Embankment, we should like some more details; and we are not quite satisfied whether, between the Metropolitan Board and the Government Board of Works, some difficulties will not arise as to the architectural character, not only of the Embankment itself, but of its *entourage* of buildings. If there exists a definite plan of laying out the Embankment, it is not one with regard to which the public has yet had any opportunity of acquiring information. It need scarcely be pointed out that here is one of the very rarest occasions which ever presented themselves to taste. The Thames in London is not a river of first-rate size; but the beautiful curve which it takes through London constitutes a noble opportunity for picturesque treatment. Its width is considerable; its bridges are—with the exception of those vile railway structures—creditable. The Embankment cannot, by any possibility, miss the elements of dignity and taste. The architect who will have to deal with these favourable conditions for producing a splendid conception will, we trust, be equal to his task. It would be something to know who he is, and how he intends to treat—and who is to commission him to treat—that great work about which the substance of what Sir John Thwaites vouchsafes to inform us is only that it has made “considerable progress.”

And this leads us to the consideration that, if we are to commit so much to the Metropolitan Board of Works, we must soon make up our minds whether we should not give that body more of our confidence. What with Mr. Cowper's official Board of Works, and Sir John Thwaites's Board, and the City authorities, and the parish Vestries with their clumsy and obstructive Paving Committees and Lighting Committees and Cleansing Committees, and what with the powers left to Gas and Water Companies to interfere with everybody and to spoil everybody's work as soon as it is done, the result is chaos. Of course, when we say this, we do not commit ourselves to any definite, or at any rate to any final, approbation of the constitution of the Metropolitan Board as it stands. Its elective character, if it has certain advantages, has most certain and unequivocal drawbacks. The members very naturally look at business from a local point of view. They often speak, and not seldom vote, with an eye to parochial popularity and re-election; and of voluntary and unpaid work we entertain a natural and involuntary suspicion. But, apart from all this, the conflict of jurisdictions produces nothing but evil. On a former occasion we expressed ourselves intelligently on the incapacity of the local Vestries of the Pancras and Marylebone order. But were the parish Vestries the very opposite of what they are, did they consist of the choicest wisdom and spirit of the best-educated of the inhabitants, we should not the less have to complain of the separate existence and separate powers of some scores of independent bodies, with rights and duties scarcely defined by the most hazy traditions, with conflicting interests—a Sewer Commissioner here, a Chief Commissioner there, a Committee of Common Council in another place, the shadow of an sedileship in Whitehall Place, and something like its substance in Spring Gardens. All these separate authorities and jurisdictions must be fused. We already see what has come of the existing conflict, in the refusal of the City to carry the Embankment eastward of Blackfriars, and in the long and weary struggle by which the Metropolitan Board has succeeded in wrenching from the City the formation of the new street from Blackfriars to the Bridge. As to this street, Sir John Thwaites informs us that he has been “actively engaged” on it. We must be thankful for small mercies, and for a large announcement of them; but it must be a very sharp eye, indeed, which can detect at present any results of this activity. However, much is promised, at least on paper, in the way of metropolitan improvements, and something will be done; but always with a safe, and prudent, and cautious step. The great principle of thinking well over an improvement before you plunge into it, which the City authorities always scrupulously respect, and in virtue of which it has taken them at least half a century to ponder over the Holborn Valley viaduct, is followed by the Metropolitan Board. Once more Middle Row is threatened, and positively for the last time that nuisance has received notice to quit. Park Lane, we are not for the first time assured, is to be set all right; Garrick Street is to be finished, and a considerable flux of talk—not

unpromising talk—has been poured out over Leicester Square. The great question of a thorough communication south of Oxford Street has been, as they say, ventilated, and we hope will not end, as it has begun, in wind.

However, we must make allowances. The Metropolitan Board is, as we have just argued, hampered by the conflict of jurisdictions. The Finsbury Park, a scheme of now nearly twenty-five years' standing, cannot be said to exist, and a parallel scheme for reclaiming some open space down Bermondsey way has been “hung up” for want of powers. But whilst the authorities at Spring Gardens are partially paralysed, the mischievous vivacity of other London corporations has been in full swing. The Railway Companies no sooner see a new park or a new street in a promising state approaching to completeness, than they mark the prey as their own. With a malevolent will, and, what is more, with active capacities for destruction and disfigurement, the roads and public streets are crossed by those hideous cast-iron structures on which the engineers of this iron age delight to display their scientific contempt and scorn for the beautiful and even the decent. Thwaites and Cowper may build up, but the London, Chatham, and Dover is at hand to destroy; and no sooner was the sumptuous and convenient system of subways in the new Southwark Street laid down, than a cantankerous Gas Company, as if for the pure love of mischief, ripped up the whole street and relaid their mains close to the surface, only because Parliament, in its weakness, had made the use of subways permissive, and not compulsory.

The moral of the whole is a very plain one; but it is one which must be repeated and dunned into the public ear, at whatever cost of iteration and bore, till it is accepted. It simply consists in defiance of that one bugbear and scouted turnip which is used to terrify the parochial mind—or, as Lord Westbury would say, what it is pleased to call its mind—centralization. As for what has come of local jurisdiction we are all living—or rather moribund—instances of it. If London were brought under one municipal rule, and that rule responsible to Parliament, we should have hope. What that rule should be, whether of a Metropolitan Board, or of a Government Board, or of a new and comprehensive Municipal Corporation, it is premature to discuss. But the reign of chaos, and of warring independent little Boards, must be brought to an end. If the City is going to take enlarged and improved powers for regulating its traffic, there is no need to confine this benefit to the east of Temple Bar and Holborn Bars. If Parliament thinks proper to transfer, as a public work, the duty of extinguishing fires from insurance companies to the Metropolitan Board, Liverpool and Glasgow and Manchester have proved that it is not only possible, but politic, to extinguish all the local gas and water companies, and to make the supply of these necessities of life a public duty, instead of a matter of private municipal interest. Centralization, as far as it has gone in London with crippled opportunities, has done so much that we are disposed to give it more chances.

#### THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

OF time-honoured customs, few, to our minds, are more agreeable than the Westminster Play. It is a performance which, while it tends to inform with a living spirit the studies of youth, revives the memory of them long after they have given place to the inexorable demands and duties of life. On such occasions, the *genius loci* exerts peculiar influence, as well upon those now starting from the barriers as upon those engaged or advanced in the race which all in their several degrees must run. For the spectators have many of them once been performers on this stage, and at no distant day the actors who have recently received their plaudits will have become spectators in their turn. Pleasant also is it, for such as are neither Young nor Old Westminsters, to contemplate both the performers and the audience. There is one drama enacting on the stage, and another in the pit and galleries, and the latter is not the least interesting of the two. The curtain, after two or three short hours, falls upon the scenes of Plautus or Terence; but not so soon pass away the feelings and associations connected with these presentations. We have been witnessing in these periodical assemblies the spring, summer, and autumn of human life; hope and experience, promise and fulfilment, are as in a mirror set before us. We have been looking upon fathers proud of their sons' achievements in the preludes of honourable labour; and upon sons proud of their fathers' position in the State or the Church. In this reunion of youth, manhood, and age we realize the vivid and memorable image of the great philosophic poet of Rome:—

Augescent alie gentes, alie minuantur;  
Inque brevi spatio mutantur sacra animantum,  
Et quasi cursores vitæ lampada tradunt.

The play chosen for this year's representation by the scholars of St. Peter's College is not one of the best of Plautus, but, with the exception of the *Captivi*, it is perhaps the only one of that author's which, without damaging excisions, could be presented to such an audience by youthful performers. In plot it is inferior to the Westminster stock-pieces, the *Andria* and the *Adelphi* of Terence. In fact, after a certain period of the action, the *Triumviri* of Plautus is not very skillfully constructed. It has, indeed, found favour with English translators for the conduct of the plot and the purity of its morals. As regards the one, they observe justly that the opening of the comedy is highly interesting, and that the

incidents arise naturally from each other; and as justly they remark that it abounds with excellent moral maxims, and that what Plautus himself says of his *Captivi*,

Ad pudicos mores facta est hæc Fabula,

may with equal reason be predicated of the *Trinummus*. Such critics, however, claim, in our opinion, more than the piece is fairly entitled to. We do not regard it as a grievous fault, though undoubtedly it is a defect, in the *Trinummus* as in the *Captivi*, that there is not a single female character brought upon the stage. The Plautinian ladies, indeed, are generally "society" by no means "worshipful"; they have very little character, and that little not of the best kind. Yet, as there is in the *Trinummus* a very exemplary lover (Lysiteles), and a very reluctant bridegroom (Lesbonicus), we may regret our inability to judge with our own eyes why the one was so eager and the other so loath to enter what Sir Peter Teazle calls "that happy state." A much more serious blemish in this comedy is that the interest really ceases with the end of the fourth act, and that the spectator inevitably foresees the catastrophe of the fifth; for so soon as Charmides is once more safe in his own house and in possession of his property, the end, according to all dramatic law and usage, is certain; neither can it well be averted without the interposition of some new and tardy complication of the story. When the curtain drops on the fourth act, we know that the Charles Surface or young Dornot, the Lesbonicus of the piece, will reform, or at least promise to do so; and that Lysiteles—the dutiful son of an even yet more dutiful sire—will soon cease to be a bachelor. A practised hand might easily reduce this comedy from five to three acts, and we think that the spectators would not be losers by such compression. Let us not be supposed, however, to insinuate that the fifth act was tedious because it was performed by youthful actors. Plautus had full justice done him by his Westminster company. Professional performers would not rescue the latter scenes of the comedy from the objection that we have made. Indeed, we cannot help suspecting that Philemon's *Thesaurus*, the original of the *Trinummus* of Plautus, was brought more artistically to a conclusion than the Roman version, or adaptation, of it. Plautus, having to deal with a far less critical audience than Philemon's, and being perhaps hurried by his employer or by the emptiness of his own purse at the time, may have slurred over the last act, and trusted to some excellent fooling in it for his final *plaudite*. Again, the name of the play is not happily chosen. Whereas that of the Athenian original expressed or intimated the pith of the story—the concealment and the recovery of a treasure—the Roman title is only a nickname bestowed on himself by one of the *dramatis personæ*, and that one, though for the short time he is on the stage a fellow of excellent wit, not by any means primarily important. The *Treasure* is the magnet that attracts to itself every incident and character of the comedy, and is therefore entitled to the precedence assigned to it by Philemon.

We must now defend Plautus against certain critics who have found fault with two of the most effective scenes in his comedy—the scene in which Stasimus [Act II. Sc. 4.] dissuades, or more properly terrifies, Philto from having anything to do with a piece of land; and the scene [Act IV. Sc. 2.]—a later one—in which Charmides, though in hot haste to be in his own home again, loiters in the street, as is alleged by the critics, out of sheer curiosity. In the first instance, if there be exaggeration, it is so humorously devised that we can no more complain of it than we do of Master Launcelot's conversation with his dog, or of Gobbo's tricks upon his "sand, or rather high gravel, blind" father, neither of which in any way forward the action of the plays wherein they occur. And, in the second instance, it is hard to blame Charmides for loitering, or for impertinent curiosity, when he has such good reasons for supposing that a very queer and questionable-looking stranger is surveying his premises with the view at convenient season of breaking into his house, even the house in which his *treasure* lies hidden. Indeed the strength and the merits of this comedy lie, not in the plot, nor in the "excellent moral precepts," but in the vivacity and humour of a few of its scenes. So lively, pleasant, and humorous are they as to have rendered the *Trinummus* a mine of scenes, or suggestions for scenes, to many modern play-writers. French, Italian, German, English, and Spanish dramatists have often been indebted to him. Ariosto, in his *Suppositi*, has borrowed from him the device of the supposititious father; and Shakespeare probably, through the medium of Gascoigne's translation of the Italian play (the *Supposes*), derived his character of the Pedant in *Taming the Shrew*. The *Schatz* of Lessing, the *Trésor Caché* of Destouches, and the *Dote* of Giovam-Maria Cecchi are each of them adaptations of the comedy recently performed by the Westminster scholars. It is characteristic of the difference between ancient and modern comedy that in the adaptations of the *Trinummus* the invisible ladies are no longer *hidden treasures*.

The Prologue has been judiciously retained in representation, not that it throws much light upon the succeeding play, as is the manner with ancient Prologues in general, but because it is just such an allegorical affair as early dramatic writers and their audiences delighted in. Our own stage poets were long before they laid such preludes aside; and wherever they occur, they mark either a very primitive condition of the stage, or a fashion which long continued to please. The *Luxuria* and *Egestas* of Plautus are much such abstractions as the characters in Brewer's *Lingua*, or the fate, fury, angel, or demon that accompanies

English tragedy, while it yet "lisped in numbers." Ben Jonson, who copied even the defects of the ancients, prefixes to his *Staple of News* an "Induction," containing such personages as "Gossips' Mirth, Tattle, Expectation, and Censure, 'four gentlewomen lady-like attired'!" "Revenge," accompanied by a ghost, ushers in the *Spanish Tragedy*, and even Shakspeare has admitted "Rumour painted full of Tongues." The riddle of Plautus is not hard to hit. *Luxuria* has long been an inmate of the house of the prodigal Lesbonicus, and having no more to gain by him, hands him over to her daughter *Egestas*. How consonant to Roman taste were such personifications, the best as well as the worst of Latin epic poems abundantly prove.

We must not suffer Plautus to detain us any longer from his representatives at Westminster. If the tenants of Hades—we of course assume the humorous old Umbrian to be in comfortable lodgings there—retain any relish for earthly fame and applause, thrice in the present month he has been highly gratified. Upon the actors we have nothing but commendation to bestow. All well earned their hearty and repeated *plaudites*. Their declamation, for its ease and distinctness, struck us as generally superior to that of former years. It was steady, scholarly, animated, and by no means stagey. And where all did well, it may be thought invidious to make especial mention of any; yet we cannot forbear a hearty tribute of praise to the performances of Mr. G. J. Circuit as Lysiteles, and of Messrs. Mure and Bickmore in Stasimus and Sycophanta. Mr. Bickmore's look and action on discovering that he, the counterfeit messenger from an imaginary Charmides, has all the time been talking with the real Charmides—*ipsissimus* as that elder calls himself—were worthy of an able and experienced actor. The part of Lysiteles was most gracefully and effectively rendered, and each of the three grave and reverend seniors was played with spirit and discretion. We venture to suggest a slight retrenchment in the fourth scene of the fourth act on any future occasion. The idea of making Stasimus, while *Bacchi plenus*, moralize like a Cato is good; but after his volley of remarks on the decline of morals in his time has been delivered, the sequel is tedious, and Plautus becomes heavy as Seneca. An inconsistency too is involved in such prolixity. Stasimus has stayed out late, and is in dread of his master's cudgel when he gets home; yet he finds leisure to preach in the streets to nobody in particular, forgetting that his offence is running up, by such delay, compound interest on the score of his shoulder-blades. We would bring on the recognition of Stasimus by his old master, Charmides, sooner, which could be easily managed by connecting the words "Labet adire atque appellare hunc" immediately, or with some interjection of sudden surprise, with "Meus est hic quidem Stasimus servus." The meeting of Lesbonicus with his father might also be better represented by the actors. It may be that he is a wise son who knows his own father, but Lesbonicus, in the last scene, requires no wisdom at all to guide him, inasmuch as Charmides is standing palpably before his face, and looking straight at the scapegrace. Were Charmides to stand a little further off, and turn his back till he is wanted, there would be no improbability in the situation. The grouping in the present year was a great improvement upon that of former representations.

But for the circumstance that the humour of the play is monopolized by the parasite Ergasilus, and that the other characters are more tragical than comical in their tempers and fortunes for the time being, we suggest—and it is the last suggestion we mean to make on this occasion—the *Captivi* as an appropriate subject for a Westminster Play. The excellent parts of Tyndarus and Hegio would, we feel sure from experience, find very able representatives. A few words only need the pruning-hook, and the plot and conduct of the play are very interesting and effective, besides being illustrative of ancient life and manners.

We have not left ourselves room to give more than a brief notice of the Prologue and Epilogue. The former, as usual, commemorates events connected with Westminster School; and after mentioning some of its distinguished living members now in high place—the Archbishop of Canterbury and Earl Russell—and paying a tribute to others who have quitted the world's stage since the last representation, ends by recording the decease of the Dean's Yard Pump, which it is supposed has been brought to its last drop by the Metropolitan Railway cuttings. As a Westminster audience always comprises many luminaries of the law, the Prologue appropriately closes with a query, whether these desiccating and detrimental "cuttings" ought not to be sued for damages? Four of the Plautine *dramatis personæ* reappear as modern gentlemen in the Epilogue. Stasimus has exchanged his slave's tunic for a livery; the prodigal son has become a member of Parliament, and, in spite of his promised reformation, is still a trouble to his father, who is also modernized in his garb and ideas, and engages as "grinder" for his son the adroit Sycophanta of the play—a gentleman now, as then, of all work, and most versatile talents, ready to teach novices in Parliament the art of making a maiden speech in the House, and that of returning thanks at political dinners. The hits were clever and seasonable, and couched in appropriate classical phrase, and we doubt not that Lesbonicus, with the help of so able a tutor, will prove a useful member of the new Parliament when it meets in February next at Westminster.



## THE THEATRES.

IT is now some time since most of the London theatres—which are now about twelve in number, excluding the lyrical establishments, the decidedly obscure and plebeian playhouses, and the “halls,” which provide dramatic entertainment under legal difficulties—settled down into the form they were destined to retain till Christmas. The early winter months perhaps afford the best occasion for taking a general survey of our theatrical horizon. During the latter half of winter, pantomime is in the ascendant; during the summer, the drama is to a great extent eclipsed by the musical predilections of one class and the rural excursions of another; while in early autumn we have a theatrical recess, in which, however, a star or two may contrive to shine with additional brilliancy through the lack of competing luminaries.

Let us then, as best we may, deduce a detailed moral from the “bills of the play” spread before us, beginning with Drury Lane—partly from compliance with the old adage, *seniores priores*; partly because, if not the most fashionable, it is the most national of the London theatres. The old “Theatre Royal,” which has come down to us without the slightest loss of identity from the days of the Restoration, and which, without any great perversion of antiquarian lore, may be connected with the Blackfriars of Shakspeare, has returned, after many vicissitudes, to the purpose for which it was originally intended, and now rejoices in its third season of respectable legitimacy. It is mainly supported by that large unpurishing class which still believes that a Shakspearian play, reasonably well acted, is one of the most intellectual amusements that can fill up a long evening, but the existence of which, amid the frequent changes of fashion, is sometimes forgotten altogether. In the mind of the same class, “Old Drury” still retains something of its ancient prestige, and it is by the practical recognition of this fact that Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton have succeeded in an enterprise which is highly creditable to themselves, and apparently brings considerable profit to their treasury. Their last achievement is the revival of *King John*, which is supported by a company comprising Messrs. Phelps and Anderson and Miss Atkinson, and illustrated by beautiful scenery, that enhances the effect of the work without obscuring the action.

In spite of a few venial slips, the Haymarket, from the days when Samuel Foote received his patent by way of compensation for a broken leg, has remained truer to its purpose than any other theatre in London—that purpose being the performance of comedy. We may add that the word “comedy,” which sometimes appears to mean anything and everything, is less vague at the Haymarket than elsewhere, denoting a dramatic work in which the comical element predominates, and which, though it may occasionally degenerate into farce, coyly shrinks from the intensely pathetic and sensational. Here Mr. Charles Mathews has re-appeared, crowned with the laurels which he recently earned at the Variétés in Paris by his performance in French of the principal part in *L'Homme Blasé*; and he has received new honours from his compatriots by his admirable impersonation in his own language of the same character, in the English version *Used Up*, which is now more familiar to Londoners than the French original is to Parisians. Here, too, Mrs. Charles Mathews distinguishes herself by that forcible style of acting which has made her one of the leading supporters of serious drama, and which she turns to account in a comic form by playing Medea in Mr. Planché's burlesque *Golden Fleece*, and a virago of Spanish-American extraction in a farce called *Who Killed Cock Robin?* The power of making a droll use of tragic qualities is one of Mrs. C. Mathews's most remarkable peculiarities.

Mr. Fechter, having achieved great improvements in the way of stage decoration, setting his scenes with such elaboration that they belong rather to the architect's than to the painter's art, shifting them on a new principle, and producing ingenious combinations of form and colour in the arrangement of his groups, employs all his taste and knowledge of effect in the illustration of some of the dullest pieces ever seen on theatrical boards. People who yawned through the *King's Butterfly* last year have yawned more widely at the *Watch Cry*, which has been the novelty of the present season. Even the high elaboration of scenery to which the Lyceum is so largely indebted for its reputation is not without attendant inconveniences, inasmuch as the time expended on successive preparations of the stage obviously lengthens the intervals between the acts, and, when the piece is weary in itself, strengthens the sense of weariness. Strange to say, Mr. Fechter's infelicitous choice of pieces is by no means attributable to the tendency of managers who are actors likewise to measure the worth of a drama, not by its intrinsic merit, but by the opportunity it affords for the display of their own talent. The part which he sustains in the *Watch Cry* is one that he would have been perfectly justified in refusing if offered him by any other manager, being chiefly carried on in dumb-show, and utterly devoid of that sentiment of love in the expression of which he is a master. The story of the *Watch Cry* consists of a long tissue of intrigue connected with the De' Medici family, and it may be laid down as a maxim that, in the absence of a strong interest for some leading character, the crimes and trickeries incidental to Continental politics, real or imaginary, make the slightest possible appeal to the sympathies of the British playgoer. A mere ingenious complication of incidents seems enough to satisfy a French public, but it is otherwise in London.

While Mr. Fechter apparently ignores the almost exclusive predilection of present England for the drama of actual life, Mr.

George Vining errs in the opposite direction by a belief that, if a dramatic picture is a close copy of actualities, it matters little whether the things copied are agreeable or not. In a dramatized version of Mr. C. Reade's novel, *It is Never Too Late to Mend*, written by the novelist himself, the horrors of prison life are exhibited in such minute detail that the delicately organized spectator is hit not so much in the heart as in the stomach. There is, moreover, this disadvantage in the exhibition, that the horrors are by no means necessary for the development of the story—the only condition that could render their introduction excusable. On the first night of performance, the better portion of the audience was fairly revolted by the dismal show of tortured supernumeraries, and expressed loud disapprobation, which, in the case of one or two occupants of the stalls, took an oratorical form. The newspapers, too, were universal in their denunciation of the offensive prison-scenes, the milder censors recommending their omission without condemning the piece generally. Alas! for the boasted force of public opinion. Though the play has now been acted for many weeks, not only are the objectionable portions still retained, but the manager, in an advertisement, has boasted of their retention, and daily publishes a list of the royal and noble patrons who have witnessed them, as a proof that they are not unsuited to fastidious palates. However, though we read the names, we do not learn the opinions of these illustrious personages; and there is no doubt that the intellectual section of the playgoing public is strongly antagonistic to the ghastly revelations of which the Princess's stage is made the vehicle, however grateful they may be to the robust appetite of a different class. That ultra-realism has received a check through the protest against *It is Never Too Late to Mend*, there can be no reasonable doubt, though the effect of that check may as yet be invisible.

At the Olympic, under the title of *A Cleft Stick*, we have had an English version of *Le Supplice d'un Homme*—a three-act farce of the Palais Royal, written with the view of casting something like ridicule on *Le Supplice d'une Femme*, that famous result of M. Émile de Girardin's three glorious days with which we have already made our readers tolerably familiar. Whatever may be the view taken by religious moralists and jurists of the Divorce Court, there is no doubt that a breach of the marriage contract by a husband is, in the eyes of Mr. Worldly-Wiseman, a much less serious matter than a similar breach on the part of the wife. If, by exhibiting an erring wife conscience-stricken by a sense of guilt, M. de Girardin could excite the emotions of pity and terror, MM. Grangé and Thiboust, the authors of the farce, might fairly hope to raise a laugh by showing up a lax husband who, having compromised himself with a strange lady, lives in incessant dread of his wife and her formidable mother. The circumstance that the laxity of the husband in the comic drama is not so clearly made out as the guilt of the wife in the serious one removes the subject still further from the region of grave impropriety; and the English adapter who has provided the Olympic with the *Cleft Stick* has fled from all danger by making the husband the most innocent—save in thought—of human beings. The success of the *Cleft Stick*, and the hearty laughter which it occasioned at the same theatre where the *Ticket-of-Leave Man* had been followed, without interruption, by a series of dramas of “intense interest,” would seem to indicate a change in the taste of the London public, had it not been lately removed to make room for a clever but somewhat ponderous version of Miss Braddon's *Henry Dunbar*, which promises to attract for some considerable time to come.

The St. James's Theatre opened for the season with *Caught in the Toils*—a clumsy, tedious, ill-constructed piece which had been fashioned out of Miss Braddon's novel *Only a Cloak*, and which even the fine acting of Miss Herbert as the vindictive humble companion could scarcely render acceptable. *Lady Audley's Secret* was therefore revived, and Miss Herbert thus returned to the character in which she first distinguished herself as the representative of feminine wickedness in good society. She has since proved herself a most accomplished actress of high comedy, by playing Lady Teazle in the *School for Scandal*.

The success of the admirable American comedian, Mr. Jefferson, in the drama *Rip van Winkle*, has prevented any change in the Adelphi bills.

At the Strand, the Prince of Wales's, and the New Royalty theatres, burlesque is maintained as the main attraction, but at the second some noise has been made by the production of a comedy from the pen of Mr. T. W. Robertson, entitled *Society*. The vain efforts of a wealthy young snob to get into the ranks of fashion ostensibly gives the piece its name, but the author has evidently had in view the contrast between conventional society and that section of the literary and artistic world which is frequently called “Bohemian.” His portraiture of a club formed of writers, painters, and lecturers of a decidedly inferior class has been effected with the raciest humour, nor is its merit in any degree impugned by the circumstance that some literary gentlemen have regarded it with an evil eye, as offensive to their dignity. Though somewhat loosely put together, *Society* at any rate holds a place among the productions of the day, as a work sketched immediately from the author's impressions of actual life, without the aid of a stage-medium, foreign or domestic.

Sadler's Wells remains legitimate; *Mazeppa*, with Miss Menken, has been revived at Astley's, after an abortive attempt made by the lady to infuse vitality into some incoherent trash called the *Child of the Sun*; and the Surrey has risen from its ashes in time to reopen at Christmas.

## REVIEWS.

## MERIVALE'S CONVERSION OF THE NORTHERN NATIONS.\*

THE Conversion of the Northern Nations to Christianity is the greatest event in history, saving the advent of Christianity itself. When all has been said that can with any reason be said about the importance of the Roman element in modern civilization, it still remains the fact that the informing spirit of Christendom—that is, of the civilized world—is Christianity; and that the material of which Christendom was chiefly made was, not the decayed society of the Roman Empire, but the fresh character of the Northern nations. Our limited monarchies, our Parliamentary institutions, have their source, not in the military despotism of Rome, but in the chieftainships and assemblies of the Northern tribes. Nor was so great a work, on the whole, ever given to man as that which was given to the missionaries, who at once converted and civilized the destined founders of Christian kingdoms, and, so far as, in the great chain of events, creative power was ever put into the hands of special agents, created these new nations.

We should be very glad to read a history of these events, or even an historical dissertation on them, by Mr. Merivale—to accompany him while he traced both the modes of the conversion in different cases (in Gaul, where the Roman province remained, and formed the basis of the Frankish kingdom; and in England, where it had been destroyed by the Saxon sword), and its effects, political and social, as well as religious, on the character and habits of the barbarians. What he has given us, however, is not a history, or even an historical dissertation, but rather a set of historical sermons on the leading religious ideas which the conversion, in its different episodes and phases, suggests. The style of the work is distinctly that of the pulpit. It is throughout eloquent, and its eloquence sometimes verges upon rhetoric. But Mr. Merivale shall give his own view of its purport:—

The main object of both these courses of lectures has been to impress upon the hearer or reader the conviction, which must be ever present to the mind of one who is accustomed to study the broad features of human history, of the gradual and constant preparation of mankind, from the earliest known periods of antiquity, for the full development of religious life under the revelation of Jesus Christ. It is well to hold fast the assurance of the continuity of God's providence in the spiritual guidance of our species; to be convinced that, as we can discover no entirely new creation in the progress of material things since the first beginning we can trace of them, so neither has there been any entirely new moral or religious revelation vouchsafed to us. The same God has been over all His works, both the material and the spiritual, from the beginning, animating, amending, informing, indoctrinating His moral creation, from time to time, in an appointed order and sequence, but never entirely breaking with the past, and effecting a new creation without using the materials of the old. Our religion is an historical one: it is the history of religious progress. The Scriptures of the Old and the New Testament testify to a progressive development of Divine Truth. The verities imparted to the patriarchs are still the foundation of the religion of Jesus Christ; and the religious notions of the Heathens, which seem to be themselves corruptions of the verities imparted to the patriarchs, or dim reflections of that Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, may well deserve to be regarded with interest, to be criticized with love, and even with reverence. As in my former lectures I thought it right to show, as far as I might, the elements of truth and goodness disseminated among the benighted votaries of the imperial schools and temples, so in these I have not shrunk from indicating the thread of moral and religious feeling which runs through the grovelling superstitions and intellectual darkness even of the Northern barbarians.

The first four of the Lectures give an account of the state of Christianity at the time when the Northern nations came within its influence, and of the process by which that state had been reached. The first treats of the philosophical Christianity of these centuries, which is connected with the names of Justin Martyr and Clement of Alexandria. We are grateful to Mr. Merivale for pointing out distinctly the existence of this philosophical element in the Church of the first centuries. Early Christianity is commonly thought of as a mere enthusiasm, alien to philosophy, and almost unregulated by intellect. But intellect, and even philosophy—the highest that those centuries knew—had gone over to its side, and had played their one part in moulding it before it became the religion of the races of modern Christendom. In Clement of Alexandria, in Tertullian, in Origen, “the most comprehensive acquirements, the subtlest acumen, the most liberal and enlightened sympathies have become enlisted in the cause of the divine Jesus.” Nor did the highest Christian thinkers bear themselves towards the Pagans with fanatical and denunciatory bitterness. They came forward, “with eager heart and hand extended,” to win the intellect of the Pagan world over to the Christian faith and hope. They “seemed resolved to bring into discredit the vulgar charge against them of fleeing the light, of hating their fellow-men, of living for themselves in their inner circle only, and surrendering the outer world complacently to divine wrath and inevitable condemnation.” It is a pity that they could not transmit this temper to some of those who regard themselves as the direct spiritual heirs of the first centuries in the present day.

The second Lecture treats of the practical view of Revelation, coupled with the name of Tertullian; the third, of the construction of the dogmatic system, coupled with the names of Athanasius and Augustine, which formed the special work of the fourth century, when the religion of Christ “was definitively placed on the

basis of a revealed theology.” The fourth Lecture, under the heading “Relapse of Christian Belief and Practice,” points out the decadence, not only of society, but of Christianity itself, in the last age of the declining Empire, and prepares us for the providential infusion of the fresh Northern element to regenerate civilization. The Christian world, especially the cultivated part of it, had greatly degenerated from the simple genuineness of early Christian belief, and had lost to a great extent its distinctive Christianity. Boethius, a professed Christian and a Churchman, has not a trace of Christianity in his writings. Synesius, whom the people of Ptolemais insisted on making their bishop, was avowedly a Platonist, rather than a Christian. The Roman Empire was too old for regeneration. Like a man turning to God in his decrepitude, it could not serve him with lusty and effectual service. The Church after Constantine partook of the enervated society in which it was placed. The mass of decay and corruption around it was more than it could reanimate. The sickness of the Roman world having tried many physicians, and, last of all, Christianity, proved beyond the power of Christianity itself to cure.

Meantime the Northern nations had been prepared to take the place of this effete society. By what process they had been brought to the point of moral and religious advancement (not inconsiderable in Mr. Merivale's judgment) at which they were when they came upon the scene—whether they had risen to it from the brute state in the manner assumed by theories now in vogue—Mr. Merivale leaves in doubt. “The appeal,” he says, “is to physical science, and the answer must come from those who are skilled in the mysteries of the natural world.”—

But I venture meanwhile to ask these speculators to produce any instance of spiritual progress among the races of mankind, which can support their theory of gradual advance from the state of the brute or barbarian to that of Saint or Sage either of Paganism or Christianity. Do we know of any nation or kindred—Greek or German or Indian—of which it can be asserted, There was once a time when this people was as low in the scale of humanity as are now the bushmen of Papua or New Holland; but see how, step by step, from school to school, from intuition to intuition, they evolved a Homer or a Menn, a Paul or a Luther? Were the Greeks, the Germans, the Indians, for instance, as far back as we can trace them, ever destitute of a spiritual culture, the same in kind at least, not of course in degree, as at the highest culmination of their history? Is not the evidence as strong—nay stronger—that the savages now existing around us are the degenerate offshoots of civilized races, as that the civilized are the cream and efflorescence of the savage?

The sixth and seventh Lectures treat of the actual conversion, the conquest of the Church over her conquerors, the blending of their national qualities with the graces of Christianity, and the new character, personal and social, which was thereby engendered:—

And thus placed under authority, he [the German] gained back, as it were, from the fountain of authority powers and privileges of his own. As a vassal he held of his suzerain; his obligation, his fealty was personal; not owed to the State, but to the Chief of the State; not to the Law, but to the Judge; not to the Word, but to the Speaker of the Word. Between him and his sovereign, service and protection, faith and favour, were mutual and reciprocal. The compact was between the individuals. It concerned them only, and between them no other power on earth could intervene. To the idea of such a compact the Greek or Roman could not attain, for he conceived no such relation to an earthly sovereign. Patriotism he conceived and felt; of loyalty he had no conception. Patriotism was a Pagan virtue, but loyalty is a Christian grace. And as Patriotism was the classical, so was loyalty the feudal principle—the principle of devotion to the person of the sovereign. Four centuries of empire could not engender the feeling of loyalty to the Pagan Emperors; even under Christian teaching the progress of such a feeling was slow and dubious at Rome or Constantinople. But the conquerors from the North brought it with them straight from their deserts, and accepted gratefully the sanction which Christianity seemed so willingly to extend to it. Christianity interpreted to them their own instinct, hallowed their own principle, established and perfected their own law.

The concluding Lecture is devoted to the “Northern Sense of Male and Female Equality.” Mr. Merivale contends that woman has been advanced to her present position in the Christian world mainly by the religious instinct of Northern Christianity. He gives to the accounts of the worship paid her among the Northern tribes perhaps at least as much credit as is due. If woman was supposed to possess oracular powers, that did not hinder her from being carried off by violence as a wife, or bought and sold, instead of being courted, nor did it save her from being her husband's slave. Among warlike barbarians, and indeed among heathens generally, martial prowess is virtue, and woman, wanting this, cannot be the equal of man. The best that Plato can do for her is, by an artificial training, to make her half a warrior. This subject of the elevation of woman by Northern Christianity is a fascinating theme, which lends itself very easily to pulpit rhetoric. But Mr. Merivale does not confine himself to the religious panegyric of woman. He shows that, in her religious character, she is capable of doing, and has done, mischief as well as good. The passage is so pertinent, and so full of present warning, that, though it is rather long, we give it entire:—

But before we part, one word of warning. While the promises to the two sexes are equal, their hopes identical, each has its own part to play in the advancement of the Truth which is so vital to it. Each is a help meet for the other: each has its proper sphere of action, its own responsibility, in harmony one with the other. “Neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord.” The woman is impulsive and imaginative in her belief; the man inquires and seeks to understand. When these two elements are duly mingled and attempted, belief is sound and religion is sanctified; when they are confused, God's work in the heart is blurred by superstition on the one side and scepticism on the other.

We may trace, I think, much of the corruption of the Church in the fifth century, of which we have been speaking, to the disturbance of this equilibrium by the impetuous zeal, the passionate fanaticism, of the women. It was soothing, no doubt, to the vanity of the great doctors of the Church:—

\* *The Conversion of the Northern Nations.* The Boyle Lectures for the Year 1865, delivered at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. By Charles Merivale, B.D. London: Longmans & Co. 1865.



great as they surely were—to be thronged by these sensitive and enthusiastic disciples; to become their chosen pastors, their confessors, the guardians of their faith and hopes; to be courted by them for their learning, caressed for their eloquence; to be urged to correspond with them on religious topics, appealed to in doubts, relied on in perplexities, surrounded in their ardent imaginations with a halo of supernatural graces. All this we discover already in the Church of the Nicene period, in the Church of Chrysostom, Augustine, and Jerome. It was then, as it has been often since, the bane of sound and sober religion. The letters of St. Jerome to his disciples Paula and Fabiola repeat the familiar story of the spiritual influence of man's strength upon the weakness of woman, and again of the reaction of woman's sensibility on the harder fibre of man's understanding. We may be sure that wherever man leaves the use of reason and argument, which are his proper province, in the work of the Gospel, and seeks to direct and govern the weaker devotees through her feelings, her imagination, her impulses easily excited and inflamed, the perversion of his gifts will react again upon himself, and upon the Church of which he is constituted the oracle. The superstitions which stole over the fair face of the early Church were due, it would seem, mainly to the fascinations of female piety thus exerted upon the men who themselves had flattered, fostered, and exaggerated it. And this perversion is ever from time to time repeated. Such is the movement we remark and deplore as rife at this day among ourselves—the tendency of many among us to pay court to the facile piety of women, to play upon their weaknesses, to indulge and pamper their devotional impulses, to colour or distort the truth; still more, to alarm them with shadows, to amuse them with unrealities. Such is the career of the most restless, the most notorious, the most successful, if the issue may be called success, of the emissaries of Popery in our borders. It is the artifice of deceivers self-deceived, of tempters self-entangled; of weak and womanish men, the dupes of their own flattery, the victims of their own frivolous devices, the captives of their own spear and their own sword. We hear them boast of their Paulas and their Fabiolas; of the converts they have made; of the influence they have acquired; of their hopes for the future, in thus gaining to their side the mothers of the coming generation, the women who shall mould the softness of our children, who shall nourish the Church that is to be. But whatever their triumphs now, have they regarded the inevitable consequence from day to day; the perversion of their own faith, the enervation of their understanding; how vain fancies and gross superstitions will thicken around them; how their creed, thus flung at the feet of sensitive and passionate women, will lose its hold on the men who persistently think and reason? If, as I believe, the progress of false doctrine in the early Church, the invocation of saints, the worship of relics, veneration for mere shows and shadows of truth, exaltation of fanciful, eccentric, and pernicious practices;—if all this which still embarrasses us, who cling to the continuity of the faith and the mission of the Church from the beginning, may be truly imputed to the bowing of strength to weakness, of reason to imagination of old;—so do we not behold now, in our own day, at our own door, the same evil principle at work—the same moral law, the same divine retribution—in the recent elevation to the place of accepted dogma of the most extravagant of human inventions, through the same fatal influence of female superstition carrying away the very men who had flattered it and exulted in it? Their sin has found them out. They have been given over to believe a lie; and surely such a doom would not have been decreed them, were they not themselves responsible for it.

It can scarcely be necessary to point the moral.

#### THE ORPHEUS C. KERR PAPERS.\*

EVERY one who reads the literary advertisements in the papers must have been struck by the remarkable outburst of facetiousness which appears to have succeeded the establishment of peace in America. For some months past, the reading public has been perseveringly bombarded with puffs of *Artemus Ward*, *Major Jack Downing*, *Petroleum V. Nasby*, *Phœnixiana*, *Orpheus C. Kerr*, and a number of other works, claiming to be the choicest comic literature of the day, to sparkle with the brightest wit, to overflow with the truest humour, to revel in the most genuine fun, and so forth. That a nation suddenly relieved from the cares and anxieties of a four years' civil war should be in high spirits is nothing more than we might have expected; but it certainly did seem somewhat curious that the national joy should find expression in extravagant verbal buffoonery like that which characterizes these little books. If this is the way in which the victorious hosts of the North sing their song of triumph and thanksgiving, the American Miriam must be something very like Mrs. Barney Williams. However, we have been so lectured by our cousins themselves, and their prophet Mr. Bright, on our profound ignorance of all things American, and the presumptuousness of criticizing any of the institutions of the great Republic, that probably most of us would have humbly accepted Messrs. Ward, Downing, and the rest, as worthy vehicles for the joy and gratitude of a free and enlightened people. It might be a peculiarity of that language of freedom which we so little understand to be laboriously funny, and a trifle vulgar, in its higher flights.

The preface to the *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers* fortunately sets us right as to the true nature and origin of the present plenteous crop of comic American books. They have, indeed, some connection with the late war, but it is a very slight one. It may be remembered that the termination of our war with Russia was seized upon by many of our shopkeepers as a favourable opportunity for getting rid of large quantities of goods otherwise unsaleable. If a draper was troubled with a stock of flannel shirts of obsolete patterns, he put them in his window and called them "Crimeans." If a cutler had on his hands a job lot of ill-finished knives, he described them as "Government Contract." Anything, in fact, that by reason of inferiority of make or material, could not be disposed of in the regular way of business, or by the subtle devices of "ruinous sacrifice," "order in bankruptcy," or "immediate enlargement of the premises," took a brevet rank of "war goods," and as such appealed to a credulous public. The artifice was not a bad one.

\* *The Orpheus C. Kerr Papers*. By R. H. Newell. With Notes and Introduction by Edward P. Hingston. London: John Camden Hotten. 1865.

It served at once to apologize for the indifferent quality, to account for the suspicious lowness of price, and to explain how such articles happened to be in the market at all. Somewhat the same policy seems to have been followed by the compilers and publishers of these facetiae. The squibs, burlesques, and occasional newspaper comicalities which form the staple of the volumes would have no chance whatever, standing on their own merits. But as they happen to have been written in very stirring times, and have some sort of bearing on events that made a great noise in the world, perhaps the public may be induced to accept of them on reduced terms as second-hand satire, or clearance humour, or last season's fun, at unusually low figures. At any rate, it is just as well to try as to leave them locked up in the columns of the journals to which they were originally contributed.

From the eagerness with which some of our own publishers have pounced on these "Yankee fun and frolic books"—to use the felicitous description of the trade—one might fancy that the art of comic writing had entirely died out in England. For some time back there has been a fierce contention for the honour of introducing these little strangers to the English public. There are, we believe, at present at least three editions of each of them on sale, produced by so many rival houses; and each, we are given to understand, is the only true, genuine, unadulterated, and unabridged edition, just as if it were a question of some new Transatlantic gospel. There has been even a lawsuit arising out of the struggle. To judge by appearances, the *Waverley Novels* did not create anything like so much excitement in the literary world. This is either a great tribute to American humour, or a striking proof of English enterprise, and no one can blame us if we prefer to look on it in the latter light. It is with very considerable satisfaction that we see our bibliopoles at length profiting by the lessons they have been taught by American publishers, and appropriating the produce of American pens with such charming naïveté. No doubt it is rather hard on our own poor funny men to find themselves thrown out of work on account of an influx of foreign goods which can be procured at an easier rate than the home-made product. But this kind of hardship is one of common occurrence. It is altogether too late in the day to set up class interests in opposition to public advantages, and of course free-trade principles are applicable to fun as much as to any other article of commerce. The true grievance of our native producers is that this American substitute is really a very inferior article. Artemus Ward, we admit, was not without certain merits. It is true that the humour of writing "there4" and "un2" and transposing G's and J's was not very profound, and that a little of it went a great way; still Artemus Ward was undeniably quaint and droll, and, if not a humourist of the highest order, was certainly an original in the full sense of the word. But these successors of Ward are men of a very different type. They resemble him only in his eccentricities, and have not a trace of his originality or shrewdness. In fact, if we had not the assurance of the publishers that their writings are racy, brilliant, pungent, and replete with every mirth-producing quality, we should unhesitatingly set them down as dull dogs. The specimen before us is a laborious attempt to parody an original not worth parodying. The object of the *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers*, we are told, was to burlesque the letters—or rather the despatches, as the writers preferred to call them—of the American Special Correspondents at the seat of war. These productions were themselves burlesques of the most extravagant kind; so the attempt is very much like putting metal upon metal in heraldry. But if a caricature of a caricature is false humour, the workmanship is still more false. The very title of the book gives the key to the style in which it is written. Mr. Edward P. Hingston, the editor of this particular edition, says it is "fancifully satirical," as *office-seekers* in the States constitute no small fraction of the population. If so, we must admit there is a great deal of fancy and satire in the pages of *Orpheus C. Kerr*, for they are full of felicities of the same calibre. Mr. Hingston, however, is a gentleman of very peculiar views in matters of criticism. He considers the author of these papers to be a sort of combination of Butler and Cervantes—the resemblance to the former lying in the fact that "Edgehill and Marston-Moor had their Hudibras, and Bull-Run and Manassas-Junction have their Orpheus C. Kerr, while both authors have their crudities incidental to, or arising from, time, country, and circumstances." With regard to the latter, he says, it is easy to recognise a Yankee Don Quixote in the author himself; "his Sancho Panza is William Brown, Esq., Captain, Conic Section, Mackerel Brigade; the Gothic steed, Pegasus, is Rosinante on American soil, and the little 'fresco dog' is not without its parallel." The above allusions, of course, refer to some of the favourite jokes of the book. The author is not one of those cold-hearted, unnatural humourists who, when they have brought forth a good thing, seem half ashamed of what they have done, and take no more notice of their offspring, leaving it to make its own way in the world as best it can. There is none of this mock-modesty about O. C. Kerr. His jokes are the objects of his pride and affection, and he does not care who knows it. He stands by them loyally to the last, and, if they are not recognised by society, it is not for want of pertinacity on the part of their admiring parent. Thus, having once said of his horse that, "viewed from the rear, his style of architecture is gothic, and he has a gable end to which his tail is attached"—and having described his dog as "elegantly frescoed down the sides" whatever that may mean—he is so delighted with these conceptions that he cannot bear to let them out of his sight for a moment afterwards. As to the force and pungency of the satire,

that of course is a matter of opinion. Mr. Hingston seems to think it has been formed on the model of Butler, but instead of arguing that question with him, we prefer to present our readers with as good a specimen as we can find, and leave them to trace the resemblance. This is Orpheus C. Kerr's style when he lashes the extravagance of the Government:—

This morning, my boy, I went with Colonel Wobert Wobinson to look at some new horses he had just imported from the Erie Canal stables for the Western cavalry, and was much pleased with the display of bone-work. One animal, in particular, interested me greatly. He was born in 1776, had both of his hind-legs broken on the frontier in one of the battles of 1812, and lost both his eyes and his tail at the taking of Mexico. The colonel stated that he had selected this splendid animal for his own use in the field.

Another fine calico animal of the stud was attached to the suite of Washington at the famous crossing of the Delaware, and is said to have surprised the Hessians at Trenton as much as the army did. Previous to losing his teeth he was sold to a Western dealer in hides for three dollars; and the dealer, being an enthusiastic Union man, has let the Government have the animal for one hundred and ten dollars.

A mousseline-de-laine mare also attracted my notice. She was sired by the favourite racer of the Marquis de Lafayette, and has been damned by everybody attempting to drive her. The pretty beast comes from the celebrated Bone Mill belonging to the Erie Canal, and only cost the Government two hundred dollars.

Believing that the public funds are being judiciously expended, my boy, I remain, fondly thine own,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

As we have every wish to deal fairly by our author, and to allow him due credit for any merits he possesses, we give another passage which illustrates, perhaps, the Cervantes side of his genius, but at any rate contains the best thing, by many degrees, in the whole book:—

This squadron, my boy, consisted of one twenty-eight-inch row-boat, mounting a twelve-inch swivel, and commanded by Commodore Head, late of the Canal-boat Service. It is iron-plated after a peculiar manner. When the ingenious chap who was to iron-plate it commenced his work, Commodore Head ordered him to put the plates on the inside of the boat, instead of outside, as in the case of the *Monitor* and *Galena*.

"What do you mean?" says the contractor.

"Why," says the commodore, "ain't them iron plates intended to protect the crew?"

"Yes," says the contractor.

"Well, then, you poor ignorant cuss," says the commodore, in a great passion, "what do you want to put the plates on the outside for? The crew won't be on the outside—will it? The crew will be on the inside—won't it? And how are you going to protect the crew on the inside by putting iron plates on the outside?"

Such reasoning, my boy, was convincing, and the Mackerel Squadron is plated inside.

This, in its way, is not bad, and if all the rest were of the same sort the book might pass muster as a pretty good occasional Joe Miller. But, even in that case, it may be questioned whether it would deserve the title of "the wittiest book of the age," which Mr. Hotten, its publisher, we perceive, modestly claims for it. In defence of works of this kind, it may be urged that American humour is a thing *sui generis*, and must be judged by its own standard. This, to a certain extent, is true. American humour is almost always of the dry rather than of the fruity order. If we except Washington Irving—who, after all, was scarcely an American humourist—there is not a hearty laugh to be found in the whole of it, though it abounds with chuckles. But the majority of these little books bear about the same relation to American, that the column of facetiae in a Sunday newspaper bears to English, humour; and, indeed, the specimen before us is very like what might be expected if the gentleman who, in piping times of peace, had charge of that department were promoted to the rank of Comic War Correspondent. We have too much respect for the literature of America not to protest when things of this sort are forced upon us as the *crème de la crème* of American wit, fancy, and imagination; while, on our own account, we object to thunders of paenegyric over such very small beer, and to laudations of an Orpheus C. Kerr that would be scarcely justified by the appearance of a new Swift or Rabelais, all because two or three enterprising publishers have had a find of cheap copy, or to borrow a metaphor from Pennsylvania, have struck literary "ile."

#### PUBLICATIONS OF THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY.\*

WHEN will people leave off talking about "Semi-Saxon"? We conceive the word to be, beyond all comparison, the most absurd word that what is barbarously called "terminology" ever produced. We thought for a moment that the name "Semi-Norman," given by some architectural writers to the Transition from Romanesque to Gothic, was equally absurd; but, when one comes to think of it, though "Semi-Norman" is very absurd, it is by no means so absurd as "Semi-Saxon." The Transitional style of architecture is a half-and-half style, in which Gothic elements have come in, though Romanesque elements have not yet died out, and though it would be more obvious to call it "Semi-Gothic," yet "Semi-Norman" does just come within the bounds of meaning. But "Semi-Saxon" has absolutely no meaning. Why is it "Semi-," and why is it Saxon? Mr. Perry begins his Preface by telling us:—

It is confessedly almost impossible to fix on the exact point of time when the Semi-Saxon dialect, which had replaced the more formal Anglo-Saxon

after the Norman Conquest, passed into the *Early English*. Those characteristic changes which constitute the *modernization* of a language were proceeding gradually. Inflections were being lost, distinctive marks of gender and case neglected, variations of meaning coming to be expressed rather by combinations of words than by changes in the words themselves, and the result was that about the middle of the thirteenth century England was speaking a language differing by a wide interval from that of the country three centuries before. This *Early English* stage of the language may be considered to extend from about the beginning of the reign of Henry III. to the end of that of Edward III., when it was succeeded by the *Middle English*.

"Semi-Saxon" replaced "Anglo-Saxon." We do not very clearly know what Mr. Perry means by "replaced"; if he means "displaced," we deny his fact. French did, after the Norman Conquest, to a certain extent, displace English, and English did, at a later time, in return displace French; but one stage of English cannot be said to "replace" or "displace" another. Mr. Perry must once, like other people, have been younger than he is now; but Mr. Perry, the man of mature years, cannot be said to have either replaced or displaced Mr. Perry the youth. Why is the form of English spoken before the Conquest called "Anglo-Saxon" and the form spoken after it called "Semi-Saxon"? Why "Anglo-," and why "Semi-?" If a thing be "semi-" anything, it must be also "semi-" something else. What is the other half, the non-Saxon half, of "Semi-Saxon"? There is no such thing; because the Romance infusion into our language had not begun to any considerable extent. What was happening is well enough described by Mr. Perry; inflexions were being lost, and the language being generally broken up—a process to which, as the fate of other Low-Dutch languages shows, our language was doomed in any case, but a process which the Norman Conquest no doubt largely hastened. No doubt the spoken English even of Alfred's time differed considerably from the written English, and was less careful of its inflexions and so forth. When, after the Conquest, English went for a time out of fashion, the correct written English gradually went out of use, and such popular productions as were still written in English were written in the ruder and less accurate popular dialects. But why this change should be called a change from "Anglo-Saxon" to "Semi-Saxon," or why a further change should be called a change from "Semi-Saxon" to "Early English," is utterly beyond us. What is in people's heads when they talk in this way is this. For some inscrutable reason, a certain stage of our language is ruled to be "English," while an earlier stage is ruled to be "Saxon." "Semi-Saxon" is something that comes between; it is a sort of halfway-house between "Saxon" and "English." But a more unscientific way of talking could not be thought of. It is the old confusion of thinking Englishmen and their language before 1066 to be something different from Englishmen and their language after 1066, and calling the earlier men and the earlier words, not English, but "Saxon." This is bad enough, but talking of "Semi-Saxon" is worse still, as it suggests the notion of some foreign element coming in, like the Gothic element in the "Semi-Norman" style of architecture. But no such element, to be worth speaking of, has yet come in. When will people learn to believe Bede and Alfred when they tell us that their tongue was English?

Of the two pieces now before us, the *Story of Genesis and Exodus* is little more than a versification of the narrative of those books with a certain amount of legendary comment and addition. The metre, allowing for a few licences, is the familiar metre of eight syllables; or, more strictly, it is the metre of Christabel, in which the same licences are allowed. As Mr. Morris puts it, the essence of the metre is "that every line shall have four accented syllables in it: the unaccented syllables being left in some measure, as it were, to take care of themselves." Mr. Morris, from the language of the poem, rules it to be the work of an East-Anglian author of about the year 1260. He insists specially on the necessity of attending to geography as well as to chronology in fixing the dates of pieces of this kind:—

The mere examination of an Early English work with respect to its vocabulary and grammatical forms, will not enable us (as Price asserts) to settle satisfactorily the date at which it was written. The place of composition must also be taken into consideration, and a comparison, if possible, must be made with other works in the same dialect, the date of which is known with some degree of certainty.

Or, as Mr. Morris puts it elsewhere:—

It must always be borne in mind that our earlier writers always speak of their language as English; but it was the English of the district in which they lived. In some districts, as in the Northumbrian, for instance, the language underwent certain changes at a very early period, which more Southern dialects did not adopt for more than a century afterwards: thus, in works of the 14th century, we find the Midland more archaic than the Northumbrian, and the Southern more archaic than either. Authors seeking to become popular would write in the dialect best understood by their readers, without considering whether it was simple or complex. Thus the *Ayenbite of Inwytt* (A.D. 1340), written for the men of Kent, contains far more of the older inflectional forms than the *Ormulum* of the twelfth century.

Now this statement suggests some curious points for inquiry. Why should the southern, the strictly Saxon, dialect, exposed as it was, in so much greater a degree, to all sorts of foreign and courtly influences, retain archaic forms longer than the Anglian or Danish dialects of the north? It has certainly not been so in the long run, whether as to vocabulary or as to inflexions. In our own time, any word or form that is especially pure English is at once by most people called Scotch. The cause probably is that, up to the Norman Conquest, the Saxon dialect of English was the literary and polite dialect, while the northern dialects, less cultivated by

\* *The Story of Genesis and Exodus, an Early English Song, of about A.D. 1250.* Now first edited by Richard Morris. London: Trübner & Co. 1865.

*Morte Arthure.* Edited from Robert Thornton's MS. (ab. 1440 A.D.) By George G. Perry, M.A. London: Trübner & Co. 1865.



chroniclers and divines, were more exposed to those "modernizing" influences which alter all languages when they become simply popular dialects. Northern English would therefore naturally be the first to drop its inflexions, while Southern English would be the first to take in Romance words. Our poet, writing in an intermediate part of the country, has a few specially Norse words, the heritage of Guthrum, and a small Romance element, almost confined to technical or quasi-technical words. Mr. Morris examines the grammatical peculiarities of the poem at some length, giving us in fact something coming nearly to a Grammar of its dialect.

The poem, like so many others of the sort, leads us to think very favourably of the utterly unknown author. He is one of a class who, in a vein of simple and earnest piety, laboured for the benefit of the "lewd folk," the unlearned larty who knew no Latin and no French, and in labouring for whom very little of fame or of promotion was to be earned:—

Man eg to lumen Sat rimas ren,  
Se Wissed wel Se logede men,  
hu man may him wel loken  
Sog he ne bered on no boken,  
Lumen god and seruen him ay,  
For he it hem wel golden may.

And again, at the end of Genesis, he prays earnestly for himself and his hearers—it is his own word, and we should give a false notion of the state of things, if we said *readers*:—

God schilde hise sowle fro helle bale,  
Se made it þus on engel tale!  
And he Sat wise letters wrot,  
God him helpe wel mot,  
And berge is sowle fro sorge & grot  
Of helle pine, cold & hot!  
And alle men, Se it heren wilen,  
God leue hem in his blisse spilen  
Among engels & sell men,  
Wifuten ende in reste ben,  
And laue & pais us bi-twen,  
And god so graunte, amen, amen!

The story, as we said, embraces a certain amount of legend along with the Scriptural narrative, but not more than is found in many popular commentaries, and a great deal less than is found in *Paradise Lost*. The Fall of Ligher, that is seemingly Lucifer—the strange popular confusion between Satan and Belshazzar—is first cut very short:—

He was mad on Se sunedai,  
He fel out on Se munedai.

But afterwards we get it a little more at length. The "image of God," in man's creation, takes this curious form:—

Dis sexte dai god made Adam,  
And his leham of erde he nam,  
And blew þor-in a lufes blast,  
A liknesse of his hali gast,  
A spirit ful of wit and sekil;  
Sog quailles it folgede heli wil,  
God self þor quile liket is,  
An un-lif quanne it wille mis.

Lamech of course introduces bigamy—

(Bigamie is unkinde þing,  
On engles tale, twic-wifing.)

and kills Cain. Then we get the corruption of man, and the birth of the giants, told in as orthodox fashion as by Dr. Adam Clarke, though our East Anglian poet had not reached the full subtlety of the godly Sethites inhabiting the mountains, while the fair and ungodly daughters of Cain dwelt below and spent their time in feasting and dancing. Our author too, as well as the author of the *Eulogium Historiarum*, had learned from Methodius, a holy martyr, who knew much "of this middle-earth's beginning and middle-end and his ending," the exact dates at which the Cainites began the introduction of divers unsavoury vices, which we need not have mentioned if Mr. Morris had not, at first, quite misunderstood the 532nd line and only found out the real meaning to put it in the Appendix. The difference is that our poet knows nothing of giants begotten of angels or devils (though they are familiar both to Sir John Maundeville and to the author of the *Eulogium*), but only of those giants whose birth was, as Dr. Maitland puts it, the "very extraordinary and unexpected result" of "the intermarriage of godly men and ungodly women."

Our author, with all his care for the lewd folk, could not resist the temptation of carrying up the temporal claims of Holy Church to the highest possible date:—

Abel primices first bigan,  
And decimas first abram.

Jacob's mourning for the supposed loss of Joseph draws forth a little description of the other world:—

"Ic sal lighen til helle dale,  
And groten þor min sumes bale."  
(þor was in helle a sundri stede,  
Wor Se seli folc reste dede;  
þor he stunden til helpe cam,  
Til ihesu crist fro þeden he nam.)

The story of Joseph is told at length with one or two curious additions. In the end Potiphar and his wife are made subject to him, and he marries their daughter, Potiphar captain of the guard being, rightly or wrongly, identified with Potipharah priest of On. The legend of Yussuf and Zuleikha seems never to have reached the West.

The tendency to large families among kings, curates, and day-

labourers has often been remarked. Those of the second class, whatever we say of the third, could not well exist in 1250, but our poet had remarked the phenomenon in the case of kings. When Joseph's brethren tell him that they twelve are the sons of one man, he objects that none but kings ever beget so many children, and they but seldom:—

Hu sulde oni man poure for-geten,  
Swilke and so manige sumes bigeten?  
For seldum bi-tid self ani king  
Swile men to sen of hise ofspring.

Both in this and in an earlier quotation we see an odd peculiarity in the form "sal" and "sulde," the more curious as we find the same anomaly in the High-Dutch "soll" and "sollte." But in our poet's dialect it extends to other words, as "sep" for sheep. In short he seems to have been somewhat of an Ephraimite who could not frame to pronounce *Shibboleth*.

The death of Jacob gives rise to a curious comparison between the Egyptian, Hebrew, and modern Christian ways of burial. Still they had enough in common in our poet's eyes for all to come under the general name of a "wake."

The story of Moses brings in several mythical details, as the love of the King of Ethiopia's daughter for Moses, and how he cured her of it by a magical ring. When Jethro's daughters come to the well, the poet moralizes on the degeneracy of his own times, when maidens no longer stooped to such offices:—

(Wimmen Se nomen of here erf kep,  
Pride ne cufge bi Sat dai  
Nogt so michel so it nu mai.)

He had picked up a word or two of Hebrew, just enough to make him go wrong in a very curious fashion. At the account of the Burning Bush we read:—

God quax, "ic sal hem lesen fro,  
And here son weren wiþ wo;  
Abraham, ysaac, and hise sunen  
Woren to min þunerg wunen,  
Sog ne tagte ic hem nogt for-þi  
Min migt[?]ful name adonay;  
Min milche witter name eley  
He knewen wel, and ely;  
Sat ic Se hane hoten wel,  
Ic ic sal lesten euerile del."

One is tempted to think that our poet must have heard the passage read and explained by some Jew, who, according to the usual superstition, scrupled to pronounce the name *Jehovah*, and, as usual, read *Adonai*, to the utter destruction of the sense of the passage. We suppose "eley" and "ely" mean respectively *Elohim*, and *El*, the latter perhaps with the affix *i*—*Eli, my God*. This is a remarkable amount of Hebrew scholarship for an Englishman (or Semi-Saxon) of the thirteenth century.

In the Decalogue, the second commandment is left out, but the tenth is not divided. The first runs:—

Min pali dai þu halge wel,  
And do þin dede on ofer sel. [time]

We confess that pieces of this sort have for us an interest which is by no means purely philological, and that we are incomparably more strongly attracted by them than by any number of poems about King Arthur, of whom the world has surely heard quite enough, till some expositor of the Comparative school will tell us all about him from his point of view. A metrical version of Genesis and Exodus throws real light on the moral and intellectual condition of our forefathers; a *Morte Arthure* is valuable only so far as it throws light on the run of alliterative metres, or on the gradual disuse of the letter *Thorn*. Though the manuscript from which the poem is printed dates from about 1440, the poem itself is earlier, being a little later than *Piers Plowman*, and much in the same dialect. Mr. Halliwell, after that curious fashion so delighted in by bibliomaniacs, but which to scholars is so unintelligible, printed *seventy-five* copies of it. The Early English Text Society, fairly thinking that knowledge is not knowledge till revealed, has printed a larger edition for the benefit of those who are interested in the history either of King Arthur or of the Alphabet. In the latter class we number ourselves; so we are glad to learn that the sound of the Greek *ŷ* (or rather, a modern Greek would say, *ŷ*) in this poem is expressed in three ways:—First, modern-fashion with *th*. *That, The*. Secondly, as some people write it still, *Y<sup>e</sup> Y<sup>e</sup>*. Thirdly, after this sort, *Yat, Ye*.

Of course the *Y*, either now or then, is simply a corruption of the true form *p*, but as the actual *p* does not occur in the MS. we think Mr. Perry is hardly justified in introducing it into the text. It is likely enough that the author wrote *p* and that the transcriber changed it into *Y*, but we cannot be certain.

#### DOCTOR HAROLD.\*

AT the present time, when the tendency of works of fiction is ultra-realistic, a novel with a strong dash of optimism in it is not unwelcome. One is not always in the humour for Balzac. For those who are weary of the world as it is, it is pleasant to escape to the world as it ought to be, and would be but for one or two trifling obstacles. Our cherished illusions are becoming few by degrees and beautifully less. We cannot afford to spare one of them, and, indeed, the sooner we recruit a few fresh ones

\* *Doctor Harold*. By Mrs. Gascoigne. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1866.

the more effectually shall we consult the happiness of the race. The view of life exhibited in these volumes is eminently consolatory. Whatever be the moral aspect of the community, the aggregate of virtuous individuals is enormous. The heart of England is still sound at the core. Mr. Bright may rave as he pleases, but the spirit which animates one class towards another is excellent. It is difficult to say whether the drawing-room or the servants' hall is most emphatically the abode of the cardinal virtues. While her mistress undoubtedly displays the appropriate graces of heart and mind with more delicacy and refinement, he who should doubt the perfectibility of Mary Ann labours under a gross mistake. The conditions of domestic service have of late attracted a good deal of attention. The cry of over-education has not yet died away. Female servants in particular have been taken to task from the judgment-seat, by no less a personage than the Recorder of Hull, for their love of finery and frivolity. Upon this point, Mrs. Gascoigne's tone is very reassuring. The British employer reigns in the hearts of his faithful dependents. He is fortunate, if he only knew it. Gratitude and contentedness are the characteristics of the kitchen and housekeeper's room. Such a treasure as Jemima Lard, who nursed her young mistress through the scarlet-fever, taking her meals all the time bolt upright at the drawers, and amusing herself with frightening a timid gentleman who was afraid of the infection, and sat up two entire nights to work a pair of slippers as a *cadeau* for General Glynn, goes far to redeem servanthood from the ruthless aspersions which *Punch* has cast upon it. Again, sick-nurses are a much maligned class, if Mrs. Beddoes may be accepted as a typical character. She was not only professionally invaluable, but possessed of the finest tact. Thus, when Dr. Harold was attending Mrs. Morris, another specimen of the virtuous domestic—such a person as our authoress "could fancy the companionable attendant of some infirm benevolent old countess"—Mrs. Beddoes promoted his love affair with the old lady's fair charge with a *finesse* which the most perfect diplomatist might envy. If she has not the raciness of Mrs. Gamp, she is quite as genial a creation, and may be taken to depict the nurse of the future, as that functionary will be when the generation of ignorant tipping nurses shall have passed away, and Miss Nightingale's reforms shall have borne fruit. Then the relations between General Glynn and his soldier servant are most pleasant to contemplate. They remind one a little of those which existed between Uncle Toby and Trim. But we object, on purely artistic grounds, to their usual style of colloquy. It is one of Mrs. Gascoigne's merits that she does not generally attempt, as so many novelists do, to give a professional colour to the talk of each of her characters. A painter who never opens his mouth without giving vent to some phrase or metaphor imported from his art, or a carpenter who is made to express himself always and everywhere as a carpenter, soon becomes a terrible bore. Mr. Dickens has set the example of this verbal ticketing, which others have followed without his discrimination. A well-bred officer would be the last person to talk to his servants in the style of a regimental order, and call the bedrooms in his house dormitories, or order strict quarantine to be observed, and hospital comforts to be laid in, or call dinner "rations," and the doctor "the medical officer." Nor would master and man, however military their antecedents, be likely to converse in the following strain about a parrot:—

"Gunn?"  
 "Yes, Gennerl."  
 "Where's my friend in green?"  
 "Confined to his quarters, Gennerl."  
 "What for?"  
 "Insubordination, Gennerl. Disobedience to orders. Took and bit me savage. Stopped his rations, Gennerl."  
 "Send him here, Gunn."  
 "I shall, Gennerl."

The individuality which is obtained by the device of obtruding the profession or calling at every word on the reader's notice is a mere mannerism, from which Mrs. Gascoigne's pages, except in this instance, are laudably exempt.

Of course, where the lower classes are so favourably depicted, it is only fair that the upper should exhibit their characteristic merits. Upon the whole, Mrs. Gascoigne adjusts the balance of virtue very fairly between the two. The representatives of moral excellence in the humbler walks of life pair off evenly enough with the good people in a more exalted sphere. It is true that the dark side of human nature is not altogether got rid of. There is, for instance, Sir Rufus Armitage, a coarse and brutal baronet, who deceives one poor girl by a pretended marriage, and marries another almost against her will. Then we have Mrs. Edgar Glynn, a type of the worldly matchmaking mother, eager to sacrifice her daughter's happiness to her own maternal vanity. But these few darker traits of human character are evidently introduced by way of contrast or foil, and because a fashionable physician like Doctor Harold must be supposed to have seen the bad as well as the good in his patients. They must not be taken to indicate even a temporary lapse on the part of our authoress into distrust of a world of which she clearly thinks so well. Nor do they disturb the equipoise of virtue as between the various sections of society. Among the gentlefolk there is one kind of character which, from its frequent recurrence, seems to be a favourite one with Mrs. Gascoigne, and which she describes with a sympathetic delicacy of touch. It is that of a moral nature mellowed and elevated by suffering. It has been said, by a high authority, that few persons are improved by adversity. Probably

it would be safer and more correct to say that there are comparatively few who naturally possess the moral qualifications for profiting by adversity. It wants a peculiar combination of fortitude and sweetness, not merely to endure, but to triumph over, misfortune; and as this combination is rare, it may very well be that the number of persons whom adversity sours, hardens, or enervates exceeds the number of those whom it braces, softens, or elevates. A nature which improves under suffering must almost unite the best characteristics of either sex. In the negative virtue of resignation, women doubtless excel; but the resignation which women exhibit is usually strongly tinged with fatalism. They can "suffer and be still," but they can hardly lay claim to any speciality for turning to account the teachings of a bitter experience. The typical woman depicted in these volumes is no mere dummy or suffering angel, but a being whom affliction urges to self-sacrifice, or awakens to a sense of duty. Mrs. Gascoigne has such confidence in her heroines of still life that she passes them through the alembic of sorrow and disappointments without the slightest misgiving. They emerge from the crucible with blighted hopes and broken hearts, but overflowing with the milk of human kindness. Cousin Lily, for instance, who, in consoling a male cousin under an unfortunate attachment, falls in love with him herself, instead of pining, is a model of cheerfulness and amiability. All the long years that the object of her love is away in India, she is actively engaged in promoting the happiness of those around her. When a dance is given, she plays the piano till her fingers ache; and when her cousins fall sick of infectious complaints, she insists on nursing them at the risk of her own life. It is impossible not to sympathize keenly with her well-earned happiness when the cousin returns as a general from India, and, after an *éclaircissement*, makes an offer of his hand and heart. Then there is Mrs. Harold, who loses two beautiful little girls by scarlet-fever caught from an infectious beggar-child, and who is only made more angelic by the disaster, particularly towards beggar-women. Even Lady Armitage, who before her marriage possessed so little strength of will as to be persuaded to accept a husband when she loved another man, in the bracing atmosphere of chronic ill-treatment develops an amount of high principle for which no one would have given her credit. Instead of obtaining a judicial separation, she refuses to desert her brutal partner, and the sequel of her sad story Mrs. Gascoigne reserves for some future volume. Nor is it merely the moral lineaments of her chief characters which are so attractive. It is the straws, we know, which show how the wind blows; and it is perhaps the many little virtuous acts done, in passing, by the mere supernumeraries introduced in these pages, which give one the truest notion of the state of the moral atmosphere depicted in them. The good which crops up thus unexpectedly in nooks and corners is highly significant. We perceive by degrees that the people, great and small, whom Mrs. Gascoigne describes, with the exception of Sir Rufus Armitage, obey a general law of good conduct. One is more convinced of this by such a trait as the disinclination of Uncle Grey's relatives, many of them needy persons, to accept their share of his bounty, than by the act of princely generosity which met with so worthy a response. In short, we hardly know a work of fiction in which the tone of current everyday morality attains so high a pitch as in this. Its tendency, as the authoress observes of one of her characters, is to make one think better of the human race. Upon the vexed question of the origin of mankind, Mrs. Gascoigne evidently agrees with Mr. Disraeli, and pronounces for the angelic theory.

We are glad to perceive that our authoress favours the old-fashioned notion that mutual affection is an important ingredient in a happy marriage. Viewed from the point of view of a family doctor, marriage is naturally a most interesting subject. A good many couples are introduced in these volumes, typifying different orders and degrees of connubial bliss. The only disastrous marriage is one contracted on the Belgravian or cold-blooded system. Yet we doubt whether the example of Lady Armitage is calculated to act as a deterrent to any young lady with ambitious views about marriage. The chances of happiness as the life-companion of a coarse and profligate baronet are too remote to admit of much self-delusion. The temptation is much more subtle when mere indifference has to be balanced against great gifts of fortune. Money, though it cannot create happiness in the highest sense of the term, operates as a wonderful anodyne. It is not less respectable, and much more enduring, than the personal beauty or varnish of manners on which the love-match is usually based. The question is, whether it is possible for a woman with unlimited command of money and an inoffensive husband to be positively unhappy. No doubt, if she is very romantic or very sentimental, she may persuade herself that she is so; but, measuring suffering by the sympathy which it deserves, there is not much to pity in a lot which offers such palliatives as diamonds and an opera-box. Of course, with a husband like Sir Rufus Armitage, the case is entirely altered. No sensible young woman would be justified in embarking on so ill-starred a matrimonial adventure.

This book has two merits to which we may advert in conclusion. Its tone is simple and unobtrusive, and it is quite free from the "goody" element which is so popular with some of our lady-novelists. Mrs. Gascoigne understands how to leave her story to preach its own moral. Its effect is sometimes impaired by the tendency which the authoress displays to grow sweet and sentimental over her own characters. Occasionally we notice an over-nicety of diction which borders on prudery. So innocent an



expletive as that for which "dash" is substituted should be given in the vernacular, or avoided altogether. This extra-refinement of language, however, is quite in keeping with the view of human nature propounded in this work. It is only natural that good people should talk prettily.

ST. TERESA.\*

DANIEL O'CONNELL, in one of his violent onslaughts upon a well-known English Roman Catholic nobleman, informed his lordship that no fool is so mischievous as a pious fool. With equal truth it may be said that there are no mental diseases so dangerous or contagious as those of persons of sound mind. Some nameless enthusiast has been writing what he calls a *Life of St. Teresa*, and Archbishop Manning has "edited" the book, and added a few pages of preface, which forcibly remind us of the truth of this apparent paradox. What the Archbishop means by the process of editing to which he has subjected the work, does not appear; but we should imagine that his editorial labour has been of the easiest kind. His preface is a commonplace repetition of the commonplaces of the defenders of the mystics of Spain and other uncritical countries, and shows that Dr. Manning is wholly ignorant both of the physiology of mental disease and of the nature of historical evidence. He imagines that he disposes of all objections to the extravagances of St. Teresa's life by assuring us that in her mind "two things, which are sometimes thought to be incompatible, are to be found in their highest perfection; that is, spirituality and common sense." And, as if to point out to the sceptical reader the clue to the understanding of the real nature of these follies, he adds that, "throughout her long life, common sense in dealing with men and things was supreme." That is, because this Spanish lady was a clever, shrewd, and business-like woman in her dealings with men, therefore we may accept as admirable all her outrageous violations of the laws that govern the intellect and the feelings in their intercourse with the invisible. Because her mind was not diseased in secular things, therefore it was not diseased in spiritual things. It is notorious, nevertheless, that soundness of mind in dealings with men and women is perfectly compatible with practical insanity in all affairs of a directly religious aspect. We call it practical insanity, rather than that actual insanity which is the result of disease of the brain. It is an insanity produced by the application to theological questions and to the phenomena of religious emotion of tests of truth that are essentially different from those which are applied to the ordinary events of life; and it is materially aided by certain ascetic practices which cause from time to time a functional disturbance in the action of the brain and general nervous system. No other theory can be made to comprehend the various phenomena presented by religious fanaticism, such as that of St. Teresa, St. Peter of Alcantara, and St. John of the Cross. The popular Ultra-Protestant hypothesis which denounces them and their class as tricksters and hypocrites, or else as their own dupes or the dupes of a designing priesthood, is incompatible with the details of their personal history. The same hypothesis, too, would include no small portion of the shining lights of Protestantism itself. If St. Teresa was an impostor, who spent her life in the practice of pious frauds, it is difficult to see how the Methodists in their early days, and the Irvingites at one period of their history, are to be admitted into the ranks of good and honest men.

The details of the marvels presented by such books as this credulous compilation are, indeed, sufficient to startle those who are most familiar with the eccentricities of Protestant fanatics; and it is only by remembering that the soberest people are in the habit of applying tests to theological narratives which they would repudiate in the common events of secular life, that we can conceive how these Spanish nuns, monks, and laymen could have been truth-speaking and sincere Christians. A few specimens will be enough to show the character of the stories which we are here gravely asked to accept as historically true. When St. Teresa was between forty and fifty years of age, she asserted that she had a frequent vision of an angel, who came from heaven, and pierced her heart through and through with a long golden dart tipped with fire, which produced a great increase in her love of God. When she died, we are informed that her heart was examined, and was found to bear the marks of these supernatural piercings. The heart was then placed in a crystal reliquary, but was discovered to be so hot with the burning of a ceaseless celestial fire that the glass always broke, until it occurred to its possessors to leave a little hole in the top, so that the heat might escape. After this the saint is reported to have been frequently raised from the ground by supernatural means, in the presence of eyewitnesses. A few years later she records her experience of the personal appearance and proceedings of the devil. He looked like a "very horrible little negro, gnashing his teeth like one raging mad." Moreover, the Prince of Darkness in this case behaved extremely unlike a gentleman, for he used to force the lady to beat herself severely, and very much against her will. Happily, after a time, she was more than a match for him. She first tried how he liked the sight of a cross, and found that it made him run away, but he nevertheless came back again directly.

Then she tried holy water, and the effect was wonderful. He vanished, and did not return. Devils in general, she states as the result of her experience, dislike holy water more than anything else in the world. One is puzzled, indeed, to understand how it happened that, with such a specific at hand, the sufferer should have been so incessantly victimized as seems to have been the case. One Christmas-day, she says, the devil pitched her head foremost down stairs and broke her arm. Altogether, the writer of this life, and Dr. Manning as its editor, would have us believe that the poor lady spent no small part of her leisure hours in these unpleasant conflicts.

Here, then, we have three things to account for on some hypothesis consistent with the known facts of human nature. How came this clever and shrewd Spanish lady to believe in the reality of these marvels? how came anybody else to believe them? and how comes it that men of education and more than average abilities like Dr. Manning believe them nowadays? The obvious ultra-Protestant solution is simple enough. The whole thing is a tissue of imposture and lying. In this solution there are, nevertheless, certain difficulties. No unprejudiced person can study the writings or investigate the character of the active and energetic St. Teresa without being convinced that she was a devout, sincere, and honourable woman. If the people who wrote the books that recorded these pretended miracles were rogues and hypocrites, then it follows that in all probability Dr. Manning and the compiler whose book he sanctions are practising a conscious deception on mankind—a view which few reasonable men would uphold. And, after all, there is no real difficulty in accounting both for the lady's extravagances and her biographer's credulity, without imputing to them anything worse than the absurdities that are going on about us every day we live. Her visions were nothing more than the hallucinations of a brain affected by excessive fastings and solitude. It is not necessary to examine medical records to understand how completely the mind loses the power of discriminating between its own fantastic inventions and external physical facts, when over-taxed by long abstinence or want of sleep. Everybody who has been accidentally reduced to this form of brain-exhaustion must have noticed in himself such slight symptoms as would enable him to understand the shapes that light-headedness will assume in the case of a woman who is also a Spaniard and a devotee. There is nothing surprising in St. Teresa's fancies that she saw devils, and felt seraphic darts piercing her heart, or was lifted into the air. The only wonder is that these results of a functional disease of the brain are not more common. Being a woman of profound piety, her dreams naturally took a religious shape, and followed the fashion of the visions she was in the habit of reading about in the "Lives of the Saints." That other persons should believe in their reality is not to be wondered at. How many are the believers in table-turning and spirit-rapping at this very moment in England, and still more in America! Is it more incredible that a Spanish lady should be lifted into the air than that Mr. Home should fly about a London drawing-room? That a nun should convert the symbol of a golden dart, setting the Christian's heart on fire with divine love, into an actual piercing of her body, was foolish and unscientific enough. But it is scarcely so ludicrously gross in idea as the belief that the spirits of deceased poets come when they are called, and dictate verses for which little boys would be whipped by a schoolmaster who could spell and parse and scan. People who are prepared to believe anything that will seem to bridge over the gulf between the visible and the invisible are never particular as to probabilities and proofs. St. Teresa's ugly little negro devil is no worse than the mysterious harmonies in the cupboard of the brothers Davenport. Dr. Manning editing a book which recounts these old legends with undoubting faith does not offer a sadder spectacle than Mr. Thackeray editing the *Cornhill Magazine* and announcing his belief in the tricks of London and Paris mediums.

In none of these cases, in truth, are the laws of evidence ever properly applied. It is held that, if a report is mysterious and inexplicable, it thereby establishes a claim to be exempted from the rigours of sceptical criticism. The more improbable it is, the more readily it is believed to be true. And the fact that all our knowledge of the invisible is attained through processes of reasoning resting on the ascertained laws of the material and mental world is accounted a proof that, the moment a statement is made which unceremoniously upsets all these laws, we are justified in accepting it without hesitation or doubt. In the Roman communion, moreover, this habit of believing in miraculous interpositions has always existed. The pious Roman Catholic no more dreams of disputing the historical accuracy of the statements of the decrees that canonize a saint, than the ordinary pious Protestant dreams of disputing the reality of the miracles related of the prophet Elisha. The vast mass of society is made up of uncritical minds. They accept what they are told. It is not every one to whom it is given to be a Zulu of Natal. A score or two more or less in the way of impossibilities is nothing to a Neapolitan or Spanish lady. Why, then, should we be surprised when Archbishop Manning, and others of the same school, reproduce legends two or three hundred years old, and impute our incredulity to an indisposition to believe in the power and presence of Almighty God?

\* *The Life of St. Teresa of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel*. Edited, with a Preface, by Archbishop Manning. London: Hurst & Blackett.

## A TRIP TO BARBARY.\*

IF a classification were to be made of the various literary products which are roughly named books, the first grand division should be drawn between those which really are, and those which only affect to be, books in the full sense of the term. We should be under considerable doubts to which of these two headings Mr. Sala's *Trip to Barbary* should be referred. It has all the external appearance of a book; it is bound between boards, neatly printed, and paged consecutively from one end to the other. But it is composed of such heterogeneous materials, and has so little unity of purpose or composition, that it can scarcely be considered as an organic whole. A great deal must, of course, be pardoned to a work which is composed of the unaltered letters of a newspaper correspondent. Whether it is worth while to tumble out such a mass of undigested matter in its original state, without subjecting it to any process for reducing its bulk, and without eliminating its irrelevant superfluities, is another question. But we will accept the theory that, when a man has written a series of letters bearing more or less upon one subject, he is justified in turning them loose upon the world without any further revision. In that case, we must be prepared to pass over many of the faults which are painfully obvious in this volume. We must accept the variety of padding with which some of the letters are unavoidably filled out to the necessary dimensions; we must put up with the occasional flippancy with which grave questions are settled off-hand in the corner of a paragraph; and we must be thankful for such shreds of lively description or acute remark as are mixed up with masses of worthless talk. We can only complain where Mr. Sala's own eccentricity has aggravated the faults inherent in all such composition; and Mr. Sala's peculiarities are pretty well understood by this time. When we say, therefore, that this is an average specimen of his style, we have said enough to give an approximate notion of its faults and its merits to most readers of fugitive literature. Nobody will go to him for very profound social disquisitions, or even for observations upon which more laborious thinkers could erect a theory. He only touches the superficial appearance of things, and touches even that very lightly and rapidly. But at the same time amiable people may well consent to be amused by him. He is always vivacious; or, if he ever becomes dull, it is from an over-affectation of vivacity. He is thoroughly resolved never to weary his readers by exacting too much attention from them, though he sometimes is rather wearisome by his restless efforts to distract our attention. He has on this occasion attempted a task which brings out his weaknesses more conspicuously than usual. Algiers is a country, as even the Emperor of the French may have discovered, which it is particularly hard to take in at a glance. When Mr. Sala went to America, he was able to write something really interesting. No observant Englishman could make any stay among an English-speaking population in a state of intense agitation, without insensibly absorbing a good deal of useful information; and Mr. Sala has certainly more than ordinary powers of observation. But when an Englishman makes a first holiday trip to Africa, he must have superhuman penetration if he can tell us anything that we had not heard before. The one phenomenon upon which Mr. Sala can really throw light is the impression produced upon an intelligent cockney by his first contact with Arabs, and we do not know that this is worth much investigation. Besides this, Mr. Sala has such an inveterate habit of digressing into other topics that we get even this information in a very disjointed and fragmentary shape. The consequence is that the book is more than usually flimsy and disconnected.

Mr. Sala first formed the intention of going to Algiers, as he tells us at much length, in the great sewer, on the occasion of the opening of the Main Drainage Works. Upon this account, which is itself irrelevant, are grafted two or three supplementary digressions entirely irrelevant to it. We hear that there are certain gentlemen whom Mr. Sala generally meets "when Royalty is about," which leads us to more than a page as to the necessity of Royalty making itself public. Then we have the unavoidable conversation to tell us, not for the first time, that Mr. Sala has been in Russia and in America, and can introduce sprightly allusions to those regions into his familiar talk. Favoured by this zigzag mode of progression, and by the fact that the Emperor did not start punctually, Mr. Sala manages to consume 140 pages, or more than a third of his work, in getting to Algiers. When he does, he continues his erratic plunges, bolting out of the direct path at the slightest provocation. He comes to a settlement called St. Denis-du-Sig, and forthwith indulges us with his reminiscences of the original St. Denis, "in the days when the Chemin de Fer du Nord was not." This he calmly informs us, is not a digression, because there are diligences in both. In fact, his theory appears to be that he is not digressing in discussing any subject which is connected by any link of association, in his own mind, with the particular subject in hand. Although he keeps, perhaps, closer than usual to his subject in the present volume, a good deal of it has thus nothing to do with Algiers at all. And the best part of it—the account of what he saw with his own eyes—is apt to be unmercifully diluted and spun out by the devices to which he has pretty well accustomed his readers. We might remark, besides, that Mr. Sala rejoices obtrusively in taking the cockney point of

view—that he insists upon comparing the Grand Canal of Venice to Pall Mall, and asserting that he recollects no thoroughfare "more admirably picturesque in its lines and play of *chiaro oscuro* than Wych Street, Drury Lane, on a bright summer morning before the vile shops are opened." We might add that he sees the joke of calling Albert Smith, "Albert," of speaking of "Jerry Bentham," and putting L. P. for Louis Philippe. He treats us, in fact, to a great deal of unequivocal bad taste, which would be offensive if it were not for the entire absence of presumption. Mr. Sala evidently does not wish us to take him for a whit more philosophical or more learned or more polished than he really is. He writes a good deal of trash, but we feel that he would allow it to be trash as soon as any one. He provides a very second-rate material, but it is evidently that which he presumes to be suited to the public for which he writes; and we would on no account dispute his judgment upon such a matter. If people like to read works of art of which the first rules are, never to say in one word what can be said in ten, and never to avoid introducing any reflection which occurs because it has nothing to do with the question, we don't see why they should not be gratified. We will only remark that the result is rather flat when it comes to be read in cold blood. In skimming an article in a daily paper, we are quite content to be amused, without caring what is at the head of the column. A description of a French school twenty or thirty years ago comes in just as well under the title of "The Emperor in Algiers" as under any other. At worst, we pardon its introduction, because we feel that, after all, the columns must be filled. But when we are invited to sit down again to read it deliberately, we find that it has lost its savour. The light matter which was put in to float the heavy material has somehow become dead weight tending to sink it.

It would, however, be unjust not to mention the merit which is undoubtedly to be found in the rest of the book. In his own style of writing, Mr. Sala is certainly pre-eminent. No one can be at the head even of a low order of literature without some substantial excellence. Mr. Sala, amongst other merits as a correspondent, has considerable powers of description. The brilliance of his effects is, no doubt, obtained by some rather small artifices. He is certainly not above caricature; but even caricature is, for some purposes, as good as serious portrait-painting. Thus, for example, we have a picturesque account of the general appearance of Algiers. It is like a "stately pyramid of white marble," the base flanked by venerable hills resembling "old brown lions couchant," or like "a quadrant sharply cut out of plaster of Paris," or like "the mainsail of some huge argosy stretched on the beach," or like "a fortnight's washing laid on the shore to dry, with heavy stones at the corners to keep the sheets and table-cloths from 'flapping'"; besides which, it has been compared by French poets to a swan at the foot of the Atlas, and to Paris half covered by the Seine. Mr. Sala himself decides that, with certain modifications, it may be very well represented by Quebec. A man must be hard to please if he cannot be satisfied with any of these metaphors, or with the still more imaginative one that it is like an ivory fan, with the hand which holds it concealed in the bosom of the Atlas. Then we have lively, though rather long-winded, descriptions of Moorish houses and of the inhabitants thereof. Of course we are introduced to the inevitable Scheherazade, but she is forcibly depicted as a "clothes-bag bifurcated, or a pair of well-inflated pillows, surmounted by a bolster and covered with a mosquito curtain." In fact, Mr. Sala puts before us well enough all that can be seen at a transient glance from the outside, and much more than most men would take in. Moreover, he has a faculty for picking up good stories, such as the following, related by a local jeweller. A certain Italian captain, whose leg had been broken, had ordered from this gentleman a silver leg as large as life, to be offered at the shrine of his favourite saint. As he got better, he diminished the order to half a leg, and presently suggested that, as only his ankle-bone had been broken, a foot might serve his turn. The jeweller hereupon offered to let him off his bargain if he would compound for a silver toenail. The captain willingly agreed; but, as Mr. Sala remarks, he must have got very well indeed afterwards, for he never appeared at the jeweller's shop again; and the saint, instead of a leg, did not get even a toenail.

Finally, Mr. Sala can make very shrewd remarks at times, although he is evidently too little acquainted with Algiers to have any very distinct opinion about it. The nearest approach to a definite suggestion which he offers strikes us as not being very hopeful; and, what we should hardly have expected from Mr. Sala's previous language, it is much better adapted to Exeter Hall than to the Emperor Napoleon. He observes, what is very obvious, that the main difficulty of the colony is that the natives hate the French. Moreover, instead of being cowardly, like Hindoos, or passive, like niggers, they are brave men, and cling strongly to their religion. The Arab looks with natural prejudice and contempt upon French manners, which he considers immoral; and upon French religion, which he takes for idolatry. But, says Mr. Sala, with apparent seriousness, there is a better chance for the Arabs. When an English colony is permanently settled in Algiers, when there are English chemists' shops, English City Missions, and English Ragged Schools, great things may be wrought among a deluded generation. They may all be turned, he seems to think, into good Protestants, though they are shocked by Popery. It will take some time, however. But Mr. Sala, although he has the true English hatred for philanthropical humbugs, has still a

\* *A Trip to Barbary by a Roundabout Route.* By George Augustus Sala. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1865.

\* *Dial porain.*



strong conviction, as an Englishman, that the centre of civilization is not far from Charing Cross, and that even Exeter Hall may do some good to natives.

#### MACHIAVELLI IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.\*

THE simple fact that a book is not allowed to pass the French frontier is quite sufficient to excite a certain amount of interest in it. This is one of the most delightful consequences of persecution. Autocrats will never understand even their own bad trade. Suppression is the very best advertisement an author can have, and more than one book has had a great vogue which, but for the Imperial censorship, might have lain untouched on the publisher's counter. However, it may be admitted that, if absolute Governments find it their interest to gag their enemies or their critics, the imaginary dialogue in the lower regions between the great Florentine and the great French publicist is not the kind of book which they would care to leave free. There is nothing more odious to a despotism in an enlightened country than a perfectly simple statement of the truth, and Imperialism in France is especially unpleasant to look at when the unvarnished history of its foundation and progress is held up to the light. Like every other institution, it has its seamy side, only the seamy side in this case is so uncommonly foul and stained. Vile and filthy lampoons upon the private life of Cæsar, such as may be picked up in the book-shops of Brussels, are not likely to do much harm to Cæsar's cause. But a tolerably sober adherence to notorious facts, a grave pretension of expounding and defending the principles of the Imperial system, and of putting them in their very best light, which is not far from being also in another point of view their very worst—this is a much more mortifying blow than any amount of scurrilous overdone stories about the dissoluteness of Messalina and the orgies of Cæsar.

The *Dialogue aux Enfers* has none of the pungent and incisive manner that characterizes most of the elaborate epigrams which have tempered the despotism of the second Napoleon. The writer is too grimly in earnest to be able to find relief in an epigram, or in jocosity, however bitter and savage. The framework of his satire is more ingenious than the satire itself seems to merit. The shades of Machiavelli and Montesquieu are supposed to meet in the infernal regions, and they enter into conversation, with an abundant interchange of not very pointed compliments. Their style of salutation rather resembles the dullest bits of dialogue in a Greek play. "On the skirts of this deserted shore," Machiavelli begins, "I was told that I should meet the shade of the great Montesquieu. Is it this which is now before me?" To which Montesquieu rather sententiously replies—"Here, O Machiavel, to none belongs the name of Great! But I am he whom you seek." Machiavelli goes on to say that, of all the illustrious shades who people that sombre abode, Montesquieu is that which he has been most anxious to meet, and he thanks the fortune which has brought him into the presence of the author of the *Esprit des Lois*. Then Montesquieu says—"The old Secretary of State to the Florentine Republic has not yet forgotten the language of courts." This kind of talk continues for a few pages, which the reader would certainly skip if the book were not in the Imperial *Index Expurgatorius*; but even dullness, when placed under a ban of any sort, seems to have attractions. After a tame exordium, some not less tame skirmishing ensues upon the commonplaces of the two political systems. Machiavelli sets forth a few truisms about the incapacity of democracy, and the boons which absolutism confers upon civilization. Montesquieu, in answer, sets forth some truisms on the other side, pointing out that justice and morality are the foundations of politics, and that the great heroes who violate the laws under the pretence of saving the State do more harm than good. Then he insists that the only guarantee for political liberty is the division of the legislative, executive, and judicial powers of the State, and that in every good constitution the discharge of these three functions should be placed in different hands. The august shade might have remembered the case of England, where, though there is a mass of misery and economic confusion that is frightful to think of, political liberty is plentiful enough. Yet the House of Commons and the House of Lords practically discharge both legislative and executive functions, and the latter body judicial functions too. It is time that this ancient Blackstonian fallacy should disappear. After all, the single guarantee for political liberty is a desire and ability, on the part of the body of the people, to carry on free institutions. There may be liberty without this, but it is accidental, and by no means guaranteed. If a nation like the French, too powerful to be crushed by a foreign foe, has had for ever so short a time a free government, and then lost it by the violence of party passion, or the timorous capitalist's dread of socialist ideas, or the forcible usurpation of power by an able adventurer, it is mere moonshine to explain the catastrophe by a lack of mechanical guarantees in the original structure. The only guarantee for freedom worth the name is the wish and the power, on the part of the governed, to have and to keep a free system. You cannot warrant a machine to work steadily when you are not sure that there is any adequate supply of steam, or that such supply as there is will not be diverted in another direction at any moment. Historically, therefore, the author of the dialogue may be right in putting this talk of mechanical safeguards into the

mouth of Montesquieu, but it is not to the point. The question has shifted its ground since Montesquieu's time. The division of the functions of administrator and legislator may possibly be desirable, but that is only a detail. The important point, in the eye of the modern publicist, is the actual seat of power. Is the real power in the hands of a popular body, of an oligarchic body, or of an individual?

But, of course, the gist of the book does not lie in the author's grasp of the first principles of political philosophy. It is when he comes to put into Machiavelli's mouth the history of the Second Empire that the writer's force becomes visible. After they have left their truisms and falsisms, the two philosophers join issue on the question whether the Machiavellian system is possible in any modern State. Its apostle naturally enough maintains that it is, and proceeds to describe how he would set about the task "of placing despotism in harmony with modern manners." "How," asks Montesquieu, "could you find the means of setting up absolute power in political societies resting on representative institutions, in a nation long familiarized with freedom?" So all the crimes and tricks of the Empire are turned into principles, and the principles are propounded by Machiavelli with ironical gravity. "The prime secret of government," he maintains, "consists in weakening the public intelligence to such a point that the people shall entirely cease to interest themselves in the ideas and principles which are now the germs of revolution. At one time as much as another, nations, as much as individuals, are quite satisfied with words. Appearances suffice; they don't ask for more." From this it follows that you can easily set up spurious institutions corresponding to ideas not less spurious; but then you must have the knack of stealing from the other side their liberal phraseology. This is the principal matter—to be skilful in adopting the fashionable jargon of the day, and borrowing their fine names from your adversaries for your own methods of government. Of course you must make a beginning. There must be a *coup de main*. All enemies must be instantly seized and put away. Then follow two measures, one great and the other small. The small measure is to issue a mass of new coin with the new Cæsar's image. Then, after the success of the sudden blow, all is not over, for the various opposing parties do not recognise their own overthrow; so the moment has come for striking terror into the city. Montesquieu suggests that civil bloodshed is not in harmony with modern ideas. "Ah, but," his interlocutor remarks, "il ne s'agit pas ici de la fausse humanité; l'excès des rigueurs et même de la cruauté préviendra pour l'avenir de nouvelles effusions de sang." Montesquieu, with a remarkable excess of simplicity, to be pardoned perhaps in a shade, wishes to know who is to be the instrument of this true humanity. The army, is the reply; and from this flow two results of the highest importance. After the achievement of such a deed as this, the army will find itself in a state of irreconcilable enmity with the civil population on the one side; so, on the other, it will have to attach itself indissolubly to the fortune of the chief.

After all, it is neither very wonderfully funny nor very wonderfully savage to make the shade of Machiavelli say that, if he were going to set up an absolute government, he would do exactly what Napoleon has done. The author does not, we presume, write his book for the purpose of attacking the *Prince*. And, surely, to charge Napoleon with being as bad as Machiavelli is a singularly mild sort of abuse. It reminds one of M. Dupin's rebuke to the Deputy who coupled Robespierre and Nero together—"Does the honourable deputy mean to insult *Nero's* memory?" Nobody who dislikes the Imperial policy would be likely to think the epithet of Machiavellian at all adequate. So much exceedingly strong language, and such uncommonly bad names, have been employed against the Emperor, that it is scarcely worth while to add the comparatively feeble reproach that he has stolen the principles of one who is vulgarly reputed to be the most odious and wicked of publicists. And the author can hardly care about showing that there is such a thing as Machiavellianism in the politics of the nineteenth century. Machiavellianism is only another name for selfishness, disregard of high moral principles, hypocrisy, and violence; and that there is a good deal of this among the rulers and statesmen of modern Europe, may be readily admitted. If carried out with vigour and pungency, it is not a bad plan of attack to attribute all imaginable atrocities to your enemy, and then ironically defend them in a series of distinct principles. But there is a great lack of pungency about the suppressed dialogue. It is more like the work of an angry German than of an angry Frenchman.

We cannot help thinking that the Italian shade is wrong at least in one point, on which he lays much stress. "A passion for gallantry," he holds, "stands a ruler in better stead than you would suppose. Henry IV. owed some of his popularity to his incontinence. Men are so constituted that this weakness in those who are in authority over them is a source of delight to them." It is, he insists, quite a French idea, that a monarch ought to out-strip his comrades as much in gallantry as he ought to excel his soldiers in bravery before the enemy. For "the influence of women upon the public mind is considerable." This may be; but it is more than questionable whether the gallantries of a prince are by any means satisfactory in the eyes of ladies who are not pretty immediately concerned. The women who influence that rather vague matter, the public mind, are, as a rule, not the women who are sensible to the exceptional virtuousness and beauty of vice in high places. It was all very well for Augustus to conduct amorous intrigues, in which there was no amorousness, with the wives of eminent senators. The wives were useful because, after their

\* *Dialogue aux Enfers entre Machiavel et Montesquieu*. Par un Contemporain. Bruxelles: Mertens, 1865.

wont, they revealed the secrets of their husbands. But nowadays the minds of the honest *bourgeois* of Paris, which are about all that can be meant by the public opinion of modern France, are not likely to be swayed by the spectacle of a dissolute court and a vicious ruler. On the whole, one cannot help feeling that a grave satire of this sort is not worth writing. Make Paris laugh at M. Lambert, and M. Lambert will probably suffer in consequence. But it is too late for a serious repetition of the counts of the old indictment. These charges have a place in the work of the historian, and this is the just vindication of Mr. Kinglake's famous chapters. But for the contemporary critic or the satirist, after so long a reign, and a reign which has brought so many material advantages to France, the ground has shifted. It is no use telling us, what we all know, that the system was founded in a good deal of iniquity, and that it has many features of which no disciple of Montesquieu could possibly think of approving.

#### A SCOTTISH FAMILY ABROAD.\*

WE have often wondered how the ordinary British tourist would support the fatigues of his annual rush, and keep up his spirits amidst the endless succession of cathedrals which it is his duty to do, were it not for the congenial excitement of grumbling at the amount of his last, and speculating upon that of his next, hotel-bill. When the cycle of foreign travel shall have been completed by the publication of the experiences of one of Mr. Cook's interesting excursionists, this problem may possibly have a chance of solution. By road, by river, and by rail these happy lotus-eaters are hurried along, from solid breakfast to sumptuous *table d'hôte*; and their guide, philosopher, and friend alone knows the cost thereof. When they return to their homes, their album contains no bills, no table of expenses by which the irritated memory may refresh its grievances; and they will never be able to publish, "for the benefit of others," a statement of the price of a bed at Geneva, and the cost of a beefsteak at Biarritz. Meanwhile, there exist other hardy voyagers who, with a courage defying all difficulties, venture to launch themselves, unaided and untutored, upon the sea of foreign expenditure. Can the public be ever sufficiently grateful to one who, like the authoress of *Our Summer in the Harz Forest*, has not only accomplished the praiseworthy feat of going abroad, doing the thing cheaply, and coming home again, but has also, herself a mother, published, for the benefit of other mothers, an ingenious account of the price of beds, bread and butter, eggs and strawberries in an out-of-the-way corner of the great European Continent?

This excellent matron—the type of economical travellers, as Yorick is of sentimental—is far removed from the reach of criticism. What matters it that she, her children, and her dog carefully avoided seeing anything worth recording on their route, that they settled down in undoubtedly the least interesting part of the Harz, or rather of its confines, and forbore examining the only object of interest near them—namely, the mines? With the exception of a week's excursion, conducted with a reckless disregard of their ordinary canons of expenditure, they remained on the same spot, venturing only upon occasional walks, in which they generally contrived to lose their way. Their acquaintances were naturally *ejusdem farinae* as themselves, and imparted to them little information of value save in the matter of recipes for puddings, sauces, and soups. The knowledge which the Scotch family acquired of the German language was only such as to enable them to mis-spell every German word and name which they have occasion to introduce into their interesting correspondence. But what of that? Their object was not to see or learn anything new, but to live cheaply in foreign parts. This object they accomplished, and why should they not, if they see fit, give to the world these notes from a cheap lodging-house, which in depth and variety of interest almost rival Swift's farmyard chronicles?

The Scotch family reached "the sunny wooden quay of the dock at Hamburg" on the 14th of June—year not mentioned—but hour four o'clock; and at this point "Mamma" began "an irregular sort of journal in the shape of letters to divers friends," all of whom appear to have taken an equally deep interest in the entries in her account-book. "For us and for our luggage coming up the river," Mamma paid 5s., and 2s. 6d. to the porter. In a "small public" at the harbour the family refreshed themselves with a repast of beefsteaks, for which they were charged ten shillings apiece. Mamma, roused to frenzy by this apparent attempt at extortion, forgot her Scottish manners and customs on the very threshold of the Continent, and, we regret to say, "cursed her own folly in having accepted an English dish"; but was ultimately reassured by hearing that the shillings in question were Hamburg shillings, which "she learned by degrees are worth about a penny English." Of Hamburg they saw nothing; of Harburg, where there is nothing to see, they saw that. The next day, after paying their way manfully, they reached their destination, the little watering-place and mining station of Grund, near Clausthal, on the northern confines of the Harz; and here they remained for half a volume, taking short walks, and eating and drinking within their means.

Mamma's letters afford little scope for elegant extracts. Yet they must have been not without their charm for her canny kinsfolk at home, if we are to judge from the following mysterious

passage, which follows upon a modest disclaimer (perhaps unnecessary) of any merit in her letters:—

I hope you are pleased. I really wonder if any one will have perseverance to read it through? Let all have the offer of it at any rate; particularly I wish that ——— should have it to keep as long as she likes, and to send to ——— if she wishes it; then all ———, and ———, and ———, of course.

Nothing could surpass the matronly delicacy of these blanks, by which so many illustrious Scotch families are preserved from the glare of publicity. On the other hand, when the excellent Haddingtonshire matron falls in with such a lost being as a German actor, there is obviously no need for suppressing his name, although she cannot refrain from a kind of shudder when coming into contact with his wife, whom "she does not think she should like," and who, she fancies, "is not kind to" her lovely Italian greyhound.

We should have been happy to leave Mamma and her twaddle to the sympathising friends who, having read her delightful letters in MS., may like to buy them again in print; but criticism is challenged by four intercalary chapters, entitled "Contributions from Papa's Note-Book," and supplied, as we are informed in the preface, "by a member of the family less unaccustomed than the others to appear before the public." Mamma's sex and confiding simplicity disarm criticism; but Papa, accustomed to the literary arena, must take his chance. We must at the same time confess that, if he has already appeared before the public, he has hitherto escaped our notice; but if we meet him again, we shall recognise him without much difficulty. His contributions resemble nothing so much as the answers of a lively and discursive candidate for the Indian Civil Service, who in answer to the question, "What do you know of the geography, geology, archaeology, and history of the Harz district," proceeds at once to disgorge himself of an endless amount of ill-digested cram, and who is, moreover, not very safe in the matter of spelling foreign, or even (unless the printer be at fault) English, words. "There is nothing," he commences, "so troublesome in literature as making a legitimate (*sic*) beginning"; and we may add that there seems nothing so difficult, in the kind of writing which he affects, as coming to an early end. He thereupon launches out into a funny disquisition on the selection of the scene of a tour; and, having fixed upon the Harz, proceeds to examine its geological formation by means of a series of quotations from Sir Roderick, *alias* Sir Roger (?) Murchison. His uncontrollable propensity for calling things by their wrong names causes Papa to speak of the "noble geological garden of Hamburg," when evidently referring to the zoological garden in which the worthy citizens of that town take so much delight.

Then follows a lively history of the Hercynian Mountains (Papa prefers this mode of spelling, Mamma that of Hercynian), which the writer is contented to identify with the Harz and its "branches." This necessitates a slightly skittish account of the German wars of the Romans, from which we extract the following gem:—

In the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius the annexation of all the German territory as far as the Elbe appeared to be a political certainty. It [what?] entered into the nomenclature of the Empire, and the official staff of Germany were numerous and brilliant.

Nor can we deprive our readers of the following extremely original solution of a problem which it requires all "Papa's" or a Civil Service candidate's modest self-confidence to dispose of in so airy a manner:—

In fact, a great proportion of the Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon population of Britain consisted originally of refugees fleeing from tyranny at home—that home behind the Harz which the Latin conqueror could not approach. The Romans no doubt conquered part of the soil of Britain, and made it a province of the empire northward to the Forth. [?] But what is that to us of the nineteenth century? [What indeed?] We are none of the people who had become the Romanised Britons. They whimpered to head-quarters about the Scots and Picts driving them into the sea, and the sea driving them back on the barbarians. What became of these poor things it is hard to say; perhaps the history of their fate would be a disagreeable one, like that of the Red Indians, though some tell us that the Welsh are they. [Who?] But one thing comes clear out of the confusion, that the great stock of the British population came over from among those whom the Germans believed to have been saved from the Roman yoke by Herman's victory. The mountain-barrier which served as the rampart of freedom should thus have some interest for us.

The "one thing which comes clear out of the confusion" is that Papa's knowledge of early English history is as precise and trustworthy as his knowledge of the legends of the Harz is particular and valuable. Although he elegantly states himself to have "potted over a good deal of supernatural lore in his day," his account of the Brocken witches and their Sabbath is both meagre and vague, and not half as satisfactory as even that of William and Mary Howitt, published many years ago. Of the other legends of the Harz he has either never heard (*e.g.* of the charming story of Princess Ilse), or has heard incorrectly—a charge which, we fear, must be equally brought against Mamma in her utterly absurd version of the legend of the Ross-trappe, where she makes the princess, instead of her pursuer, fall into the river Bode, which bears his name. But we are not about to correct the thousand-and-one errors of this congenial couple. Every statement in the book should be received with suspicion, except the statements personal to the narrators and their expenditure. As for the male sinner, being of a literary turn of mind and possessing literary experience, nothing will probably prevent him from exposing himself again; as for the partner of his joys and expenses, what argument can reach one who possesses the supernatural gift of soaring unconscious even above the most obvious

\* *Our Summer in the Harz Forest.* By a Scottish Family. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1865.



self-contradiction? The following sentence is, we venture to think, without a rival in any book of "intelligent" travel:—

Wernigerode being a little independent State, I hoped, when I went to the post-office to purchase stamps for a letter, to see something which would be worth purchase for stamp-collectors at home; but a Prussian stamp was supplied to me—Wernigerode being now attached of (sic) Prussia.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS AND GIFT-BOOKS.

(Third Notice.)

MR. DAY (we think it is now Day & Son, Limited) has executed a *tour de force* in the way of illuminating. It consists of a set of illustrations of the *Winter's Tale*, all correctly rendered in a full blaze of illumination, after the Magna Grecia vases and remains of classical wall-painting. Mr. Owen Jones's familiarity with ancient examples is a guarantee for the correctness of the ornamentation; and the drawings by Mr. Warren very accurately give the details, and sometimes the spirit, of the Greek outline subjects, which, by the way, are very well produced on plates and jugs and ewers in our English potteries. The effect of the whole is something like a good prize poem. One admires the technical familiarity with form and phrase, and is astonished at the powers of memory which can adapt all these little details. But, of course, the unreality of the whole thing is palpable; hence it excites a sense of surprise at its cleverness, rather than admiration of a legitimate triumph of art. As a study of colour, ornament, and costume—that is, more in its archaeological aspect than as a contribution to our knowledge of Shakspeare—we can give high commendation to this elaborate and very curious volume.

The vehement admirers of Luther will be pleased with a somewhat strange book—*Historic Scenes from the Life of Luther*, illustrated by P. H. Labouchere (Day & Son). The book is addressed to sectarian sympathies, and therefore will not be estimated as a work of art. Mr. Labouchere has succeeded in making his hero coarser and more vulgar than usual, in a set of steel engravings of the various stages of Luther's life as told by D'Aubigné. We can say nothing in their praise.

The *Path on Earth to the Gate of Heaven* (Warne) is an ingenious specimen of book manufacture. Mr. Frederick Arnold tacks together his old sermons without plan or coherence, and at every thirty or forty pages we find a copy of some well-known moral or sacred print which is supposed to have some connection with the text—Mr. Arnold's text, we mean, not the text of Scripture. Thus, Delaroche's Angel is called "Redeeming the Time," and a well-known French print of Hagar and Ishmael illustrates the "Fainting Soul." This is ingenious, and some of the woodcuts are well done; but it is a book got up for the market.

*By the Loch and River Side* (Edmonston & Douglas) is a highly amusing and extensive collection of etchings—only they are done on stone—showing the various fortunes, good and evil, and the mishaps, grotesque and serious, which attend the pursuit of trout and salmon under difficulties; the difficulties, that is, of the punt, of wading, of rock-scrambling, and of playing, and (of course) of losing your fish. The artist preserves the anonymous, or rather initials himself "K. I. F." He is a worthy rival of Leech in his famous *Briggs's Fishing Adventures*.

Leech was not at his strongest in the annual frontispieces of *Punch's Pocket-Book*. Light and graceful and good-tempered, as a whole they lacked sinew. Perhaps the faint washy colours with which they were tricked out gave them an air of weakness. Perhaps, too, addressed mostly to young folk, the satire, such as it was, was of purpose toned down. Still, these graceful pictures exhibit that delightful English girl—whom we shall never see drawn again, because she was a true creation and a type—at the very best; that is, a happy compound of arch innocence and unmischievous fun. Mr. Shirley Brooks has gathered together into a single volume as many as twenty of these sparkling little annuals, which he labels *Follies of the Year* (Bradbury & Evans); and, like a Chorus, the editor gossips in some illustrative letter-press over the chief political and social events of these two decades, which events, however, have generally nothing to do with Leech's sketches. As Mr. Shirley Brooks only claims to have written the thinnest of Annual Registers in these "some notes," it will be sufficient praise of his share in the work to say that, though he has aimed at little, that little is very good.

*Tennyson's Princess*, illustrated by Mackie (Moxon). 1866. Yes; but our own copy, dated 1860, is identical, which means that this beautiful volume is only a reissue. And Mr. Moxon is quite right; he can never excel it. We doubt whether he can equal it. Is it a fact, or is it an hallucination of ours, that the Christmas Books of this day are not equal to the Christmas Books of our young days—that is, of seven or eight years ago?

*The Book of Trades* (Routledge). There used to be a Book of Trades in our youth—not our reviewing youth, but our actual youth; and how many years ago that is is neither here nor there. That Book of Trades was large, heavy, and dull; this Book of Trades is compact, readable, and, as far as we can judge, full and accurate. Though it does not look a promising volume for an idle hour, it is really very interesting.

Mr. Forsyth, Q.C., has written, and the S.P.C.K. Society has published, a lecture on *Rome and its Ruins*, which is in scholarship and research far above the average of the popular manuals put

forth in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and great credit is due to the accomplished writer for giving in a form so portable the results of his classical and antiquarian stores.

We have our doubts whether *Drawing from Nature*—the title of a set of instructions by Mr. Barnard of Rugby School (Longmans)—can be taught by books. Still books help actual practice, and such books as this, the result of an accomplished teacher's observations, have an especial value. Here are coloured and plain lithographs, and a profusion of woodcuts illustrating the technical mode of getting at effects; and the hints about tree and foliage drawing, which seem to be the best in the collection, are full and varied.

The *Band of Hope Review* is a Temperance publication, with which we entertain but small sympathy; and the *British Workman* is a well-intentioned and, we are told, a well-executed magazine. What we know of these two publications is that they contain some of the boldest and most successful wood-cutting of the day. There is a cat which is first-rate.

Addressed, we suppose, to nursery readers—to whom, by the way, they would be generally unintelligible—is a selection of *Wordsworth's Poems for the Young* (Strahan), illustrated with woodcuts of which the quantity exceeds the quality.

Whether Mr. Lettice's *Alphabet of Monograms* is intended to be more than a tradesman's book for the use of die-sinkers and paper-dealers we do not know; but those idlers and collectors who are curious—and they are many—in those fashionable interlacing initials which are as hard to decipher as a Runic knot may find amusement in this copious collection.

*Harry Lawton's Adventures* (Seeley) suggest the remark that midshipmen in story-books see most remarkable things, and a great many of them. Mr. Harry Lawton must have had unusual experiences of all the hair-breadth escapes, &c. which belong to the Robinson Crusoe type of boy at sea. He must have seen everything and every country, and a good deal more. This is a good specimen of this sort of book, with very fair pictures, and plenty of them; and, on the whole, it is a nice Christmas gift.

*Salvator Mundi* (Seeley) is intended for serious givers and receivers of Christmas books. It consists of some ordinary Meditations and Thoughts on the Life of the Saviour, illustrating, or illustrated by, a set of twelve photographs of some of the well-known and classical sacred prints. Eclectic enough is the selection, embracing Rembrandt and Raffaele; and it is needless to say that, as the photographs are taken, some from good and some from bad line-engravings, they do not range very well. But they are good art, and among the religious gift-books this volume takes a high place.

*Handbook of Christian Symbolism* (Day & Son) hardly comes up to its ambitious title. The compiler is Mr. Audsley, and he has availed himself copiously of the usual authorities, Didron and Pugin.

A new edition of Rogers's *Pleasures of Memory* is published by Low & Marston. To read Rogers, the delight of our fathers—or, may be, our grandfathers—is now a curious intellectual exercise. The school of Pope culminated in a cold, artificial, and polished monotony, on which Campbell was the first to innovate. We are glad to see some of Stothard's delightful vignettes reproduced in this pretty volume, which exhibits in some of the illustrations a new process, that of etching on a collodion plate. In general, it is not as yet a success.

The *Junior Etching Club* has published, under the auspices of Messrs. Day & Son, a series of forty-seven plates, many of which are admirable specimens of art, and some which are of high artistic excellence, while some by amateurs are below the mark. They are said to illustrate passages from Modern English Poets, and we take the editor's word for the connection, which, however, it is not always easy to make out. This is, we think, the best publication of the Day "Company," and is really a work to be studied both for its successes and failures.

An edition of *Shakspeare's Songs and Sonnets* (Macmillan), edited by Mr. F. T. Palgrave, at once commends itself to popularity. The editor's work is an appendix, and is, like everything which Mr. Palgrave writes, full of matter. We can hardly accept, however, without reserve, the view that the Sonnets, at least all of them, had any real sequence; nor indeed are we sure that they are, in all cases, connected with any facts of Shakspeare, or anybody's else's, life. They look rather more like those Italian conceits which are more of literary and poetical exercises than transcripts of actual life and feeling.

From Paris (Librairie Hachette) we have *Jean Bourreau*, a good moral picture-and-verse book, showing how a naughty boy was in a dream tortured by all the cats and dogs and birds and cock-chafers he had himself tortured. The little book, and it is a pretty one, is worth the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. We may also mention *Évangile d'une Grand Mère* (Hachette), by the Countess Ségur—very superior both in get-up and illustration to any of our S.P.C.K. books; *Jean qui grogne et Jean qui rit*, same writer and publisher; and *La Sagesse des Femmes* and *Mémoires d'un Caniche* (Hachette). The Maison Didier publishes *Les Contes d'une Mère*, and its twin volume, *Les Promenades d'une Mère*; *Les Jeunes Artistes*, *Une Famille à Paris*, and its companion, *Une Famille à la Campagne*. These various volumes seem to be after the Miss Yonge pattern, and they are all addressed to the same object. Possibly, as works of art and as mere pictures, they may not be great

successes; but they show that, after all, there is in France something of the family life left, and some attempts made to keep up good home-teaching. These books will serve as a variety to our English stores, and practical people may find in them the combined purpose of getting young people to read good French as well as good morals.

Messrs. Hachette & Co. have projected a series which they call *Bibliothèque des Merveilles*. We have seen three volumes of the set—one on Insect Metamorphoses, one on Naval Architecture, and one on the Invisible World, which means the wonders of the microscope. In point of fact, the series seems to be the Polytechnic done into writing; and very good writing it is. The plan is much the same as that with which, on this side of the water, we were some thirty years ago familiarized in Knight's Insect Architecture, Entertaining Knowledge, and the like. The French Library seems to be accurate and full in its science.

Of course we owe every apology to Caesar for associating Imperial Majesty with the literature of the drawing-room table, the school-room and the nursery. But there is no help for it. The *Voyage en Algérie de S. M. Napoleon III.* (Paris: Henri Plon) is, in size, histrionic apparatus, and stage-talk, so thoroughly of the sensational school that it has fallen, by a natural law of gravity or levity, into this department. From a glance at it we should say that the talk rivals in dignity and absurdity the famous *Lord Mayor's Visit to Oxford*. Never had Lord Venables so enthusiastic a worshipper as the devotional chronicler who writes down the Imperial breakfasts and luncheons. As far as we can make out, the Emperor was received in Algeria with divine honours; and this is the one and authentic official Gospel of the Cæsarean Avatar. The pictures are in every sense suggestive; and the volume is superb, magnificent, marvellous, like its august subject.

And now the function of reviewer subsides into that of the enumerator. The eyes of Argus would be all insufficient to read, while the dazed apprehension of a reviewing machine, twenty "literary men" strong, would fail to appraise, the contents of that vast miscellaneous throng of small story-books, all green and gold, and red and gold, and blue and gold, which at this time flit and dazzle like pretty little insects in a tropical sunshine. We will do what we must to count, and what we can to give an account of, some of them.

*Diamond Dust*, by Eliza Cook (Pitman) is a volume of laconics, original and selected, and, like other axiomatic philosophy, dull but useful, for even Tupper has his uses. *A Book of Thoughts* (Macmillan) is better, because it is part of a better reader's commonplace book, and the authors are assigned. *Lost and Found* (Freeman) is a pastoral in blank verse—a moral and religious poem. *Beeton's Riddle Book* explains itself, and recommends itself. *The Island of the Rainbow* (Routledge) is by Mrs. Newton Crossland, who has won distinguished fame in this line. *Romantic Tales* (Smith & Elder) is a selection from a larger collection by the well-known author of *John Halifax*; other mention is superfluous. *The Fairy Tales of Science* (Griffith & Farran) compels the remark that we do not quite like either Science made Easy or Science made Funny; this last is the writer's *métier*, and he has been consistently seconded by an illustrator, who gives us the dinotherium playing monkey tricks, and microscopic monsters at rough-and-tumble games. Granting the propriety of this notion—and it is granting a good deal—it is not badly carried out. *Routledge's Every Boy's Annual* is probably known to every boy, or, if it is not, it ought to be. It is of the boy boyish. Shipwrecks, thunderstorms, hairbreadth escapes, travels in antres vast and deserts idle, tool-boxes, fishing-rods, rowing, swimming, bird-fancying—this is its staple, and an excellent staple in its way. *Beeton's Annual* (Warne) is a formidable rival to Mr. Routledge. *Strange Stories of the Animal World* (Griffith & Farran) are an excellent selection of bird and beast tales by that veteran and always judicious book-maker, excellent Mr. John Timbs. *Old Merry's Annual* (Jackson & Walford) seeks to combine, and succeeds in combining, mild wisdom of the true Ladian spirit with mild jocosity. *What the Moon Saw, &c.* (Routledge) is a collection of tales from the indefatigable Andersen, illustrated by the equally indefatigable Dalziel Brothers. *The Ingoldsby Legends* (Bentley) is a very cheap edition, but with the old and excellent engravings. *Sacred Songs* (Warne) are a collection of serious little poems, drawn from a large range of writers. In *Rates and Taxes* (Groombridge), we have a set of stories quite up to the average of the usual magazine *novelettes*. We have another and a modern edition of the ever welcome *Arabian Nights* (Warne); and from the same most prolific publisher we have so dense a flight of books which seem to be characterized by a monotonous goodness and suitability to every variety and growth of young England, that we may as well mention them *en bloc*—*The Boys of Holy Writ*, the *Book of Nursery Tales*, *Miss Mitford's Tales*, *Words for the Christian Year*, i.e. a set of texts set in ornamental borders, &c., and the *Guardian Angel's Whisper*, also a devotional book. The *Magic Mirror* (Strahan) appears to be a very quaint and witty set of absurd stories, written by one Mr. Gilbert and depicted by another Mr. Gilbert. The *Boy's Holiday Book* (Tegg) is all about cricket, football, and the like. The *Standard Poetry Book* (Routledge) seems to be an improved and enlarged *Engfield's Speaker*. We conclude our list with the *Irvington Stories*, by Miss Dodge (Stevens), and *Stories told to a Child* (Strahan).

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

## NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF  
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 530, DECEMBER 23, 1865:

The Emperor at Pesh.	The President's Message.	
The Fall of the Italian Cabinet.	Mr. Bright in the Cabinet.	
Spain and Chili.	Our International Shortcomings.	Jamaica.
	Mr. McCulloch's Report.	
	Lord Granville's Virtue Rewarded.	
Christmas Pleasures.	Deillaha.	Colonial Difficulties.
Oxford and Cambridge Rowing.	London Improvements and Government.	
The Westminster Play.	The Theatres.	
	Mirival's Conversion of the Northern Nations.	
The Orpheus C. Kerr Papers.	Publications of the Early English Text Society.	
Doctor Harold.	St. Teresa.	A Trip to Barbary.
Machiavelli in the Nineteenth Century.	A Scottish Family Abroad.	
	Christmas Books and Gift-Books.	

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN (OPERA COMPANY, Limited).**—Production of the Grand Christmas Pantomime. On Boxing Night, December 23, Mr. Charles Adolph's New Opera, in One Act, CHRISTMAS EVE. Madame F. Lancel, Madame E. Heywood, Mr. A. Cook, and Mr. D. Miranda. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. After which, at Eight o'clock, an entirely New and Original Grand Comic, Spectacular, and Operatic Christmas Pantomime, written by E. L. Blanchard (founded on the most Popular Story in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments"), entitled ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP, or Harlequin and the Flying Palace. With New and Magnificent Scenery, Dresses, and Appointments. The Scenery by Mr. T. Grieve, Mr. W. Grieve, and Assistants. The Music composed and arranged by Mr. W. H. Montgomery. The principal Characters in the Opening will be sustained by Miss Rachel Sanger, Miss Blanche Elliston, Miss Farrell, Miss Dacre, Miss Lisa Weber, Mr. W. H. Payne, Mr. Lingham, Mr. Charles Steyne, Mr. Naylor, and Mr. Fred Payne. In the Two Grand Ballets (composed by M. Desplaces), Madlle. Duchateau, Madlles. Montero, Carey, Borelli, and Pancelini; supported by 100 Ladies of the Corps de Ballet. Harlequin, Mr. Fred Payne; Columbine, Madlle. Sata; Pantaloon, Mr. Paul Herring; and Clown, Mr. Harry. Leader of the Band, Mr. Thirlwall. The Pantomime arranged and produced by Mr. W. West. Acting Manager, Mr. Edward Murray. Doors open at Half-past Six; commence at Seven. Prices—Private Boxes from 10s. 6d. to 4s.; Stalls, 1s.; Dress Circle, 2s.; Upper Boxes, 4s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, Reserved, 3s.; Unreserved, 2s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s. Places may be secured, free of charge, at the Box Office (under the direction of Mr. Edward Hall), which is open from Ten till Five. The First Morning Performance of the Pantomime will be given on Wednesday next, December 27, at Two o'clock. Morning Performances will also take place every Wednesday and Saturday. Schools, and Children under Twelve Years of Age, will be admitted to the Morning Performances only, on Payment at the Doors—at the following Charges: Dress Circle, 2s. 6d.; Stalls, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 1s. 6d. and 1s.; Pit, 1s. 6d.

**MR. T. GRIEVE'S MAGNIFICENT TRANSFORMATION** SCENE, "The Wonderful Lamp of Aladdin." The Enchanted Garden & Jewels. "The Street in Canton" and the "Flying Palace," on Boxing Night, at the ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, Covent Garden.

**MUSICAL UNION.**—Communications to the Director, addressed in Hanover Square, will be attended to in the absence of the Director. Florence, December 12. J. ELLA.

**CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.**—Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY, Four extra MORNING REPRESENTATIONS, at Three o'clock—Tuesday (Boxing Day), December 26; Thursday, December 28; Tuesday, January 2; Thursday, January 4; and Every Evening (except Saturday) at Eight; Saturday at Three. ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14 Regent Street.

**MR. and Mrs. HOWARD PAUL.**—The last Five Representations of these Popular Artists, at the EGYPTIAN HALL: on Tuesday at Three and Eight, on Wednesday at Three and Eight, and on Thursday at Three—no Evening Performance on Thursday. RIPELES ON THE LAKE, "Dream of the Reveller," and the "Photograph of Mr. Sims Reeves" at each Representation. Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Doors open at Half-past Seven; commence at Eight.

**STODARE.**—CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—THEATRE OF MYSTERY, EGYPTIAN HALL.—MARVELS IN MAGIC and VENTRILOQUISM, as performed by command before Her Majesty the Queen and the Royal Family, at Windsor Castle, Tuesday Evening, November 21, 1865.—Great Attractions for Christmas—Magic, Ventriloquism, Inexhaustible Showers of Christmas Presents, the MARVELLOUS SAPHIR, the Birth of Flower-trees, and STODARE'S celebrated Indian Basket Feet, as only performed by him. Every Evening at Eight, on Wednesday and Thursday at Three. Also an Extra Day Performance on Boxing Day, Tuesday, December 26, at Three o'clock. Stalls at Mitchell's, Old Bond Street, and Box-office, Egyptian Hall.—Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. "Almost miraculous."—Vide Times, April 18, 1865.

**SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.**—The ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES and STUDIES by the MEMBERS is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East. Nine till Dark.—Admission, 1s. WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

**WINTER EXHIBITION.**—The Thirteenth Annual WINTER EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the Contributions of British Artists, is now OPEN at the French Gallery, 129 Pall Mall, opposite the Opera Colonnade.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. LEON LEFEVRE, Secretary.

**WINTER EXHIBITION,** under the Superintendence of Mr. WALLIS, removed from the French Gallery to the Society of British Artists' Gallery, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, is now OPEN from Nine until Five o'clock Daily.—Admission, 1s.

**ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL,** Haverstock Hill, near Hampstead, N.W.

Under the immediate Patronage of HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN. H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES. This Charity was Established in 1758 (107 Years since), for 20 Boys. 25a Boys and Girls are now in the School. 80 are received Annually. 400 can be Accommodated. 2,315 have been Admitted.

POOR ORPHAN and OTHER NECESSITOUS CHILDREN only are the objects of this Charity. The Committee very earnestly appeal to the Nobility and Gentry who have large means and liberal hearts for their kind and generous assistance. 126 Orphans (some most distressing cases) applied for admission at the last Election, when 40 were admitted; and in future, 60 annually, if adequate funds are supplied.—Help, speedy, efficient help, will be thankfully received.

Office, 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C. JOSEPH SOUL, Secretary. For a Life Governor, £10 l. a. Annually, £1 l. Life Subscribers, £5 l. a. Annually, 10s. 6d. The Votes increasing in proportion to the Contribution.